

THE TRIGAN EMPIRE

The planet Elekton lies in the galaxy of Yarna, and the greatest power on Elekton is the Trigan Empire, ruled over by its founder, the Emperor Trigo.





THEN... HE SAW HIS PERIL!



IN THE TIME IT TAKES FOR A MAN TO DRAW TWO BREATHS, THE IMPERIAL SUMMER PALACE COLLAPSED IN A TANGLE OF DESTRUCTION!



KEREN FOUGHT HIS WAY OUT OF HIS RUINED CHAMBER AND LOOKED TOWARDS THE GREAT VOLCANO. GRIPPING HIS WAY BLINDLY THROUGH THE SMOKE AND TURMOIL, HE HEARD A CRY FOR HELP...



IT WAS JANNO... PINNED BENEATH A MASS OF BROKEN MASONRY...

I... I'm trapped!



KEREN TRIED TO FREE JANNO IN VAIN...

... If I can't move this thing, we'll perish together!

MEANWHILE, THE SURVIVORS FROM THE FIRST FEARFUL VOLCANIC TREMOR WERE FLEEING DOWN TO THE LAKE SHORE TO ESCAPE THE WALL OF MOLTEN LAVA...



There's no escape! The craft are all destroyed!

Make for the water... It's our only hope!



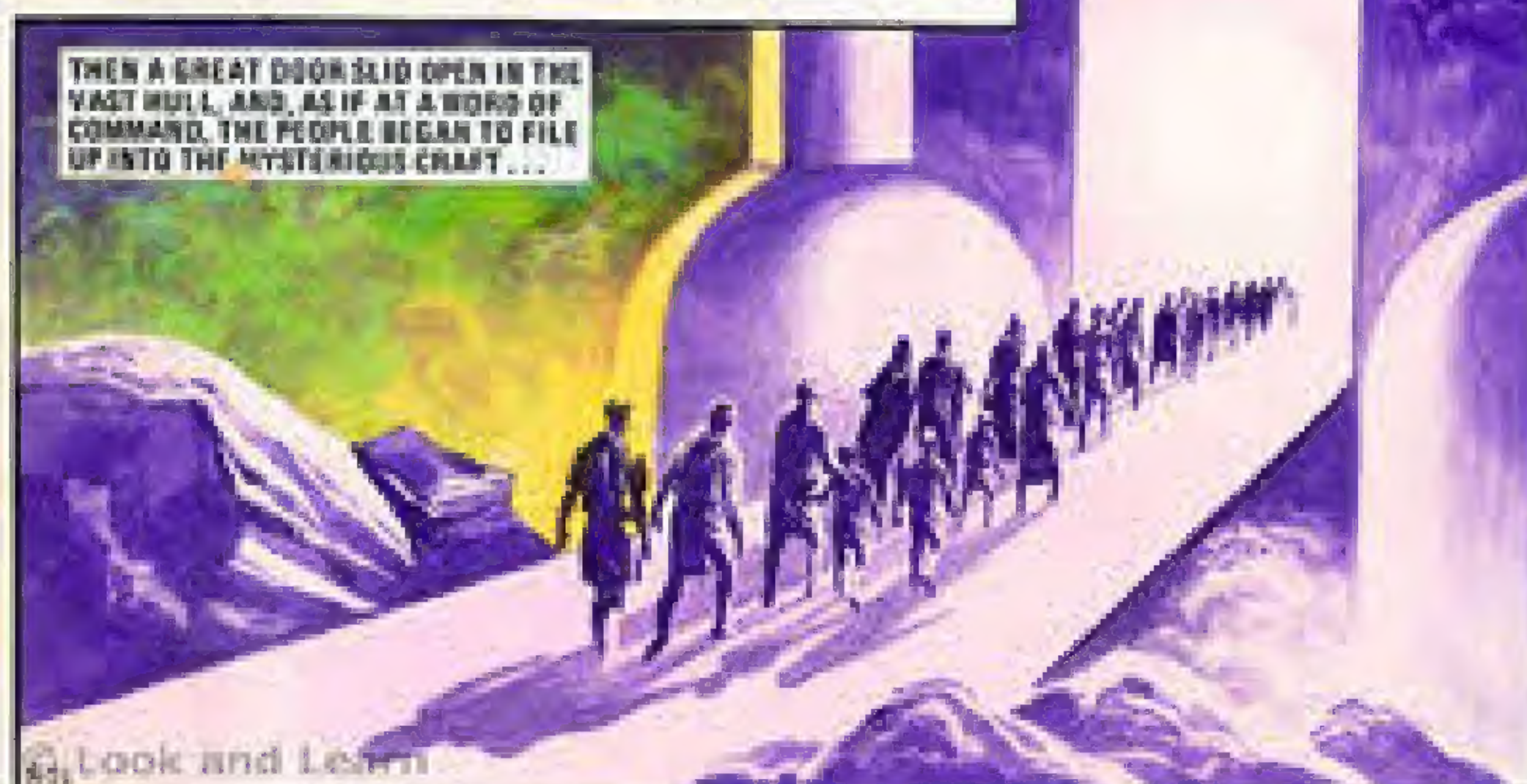
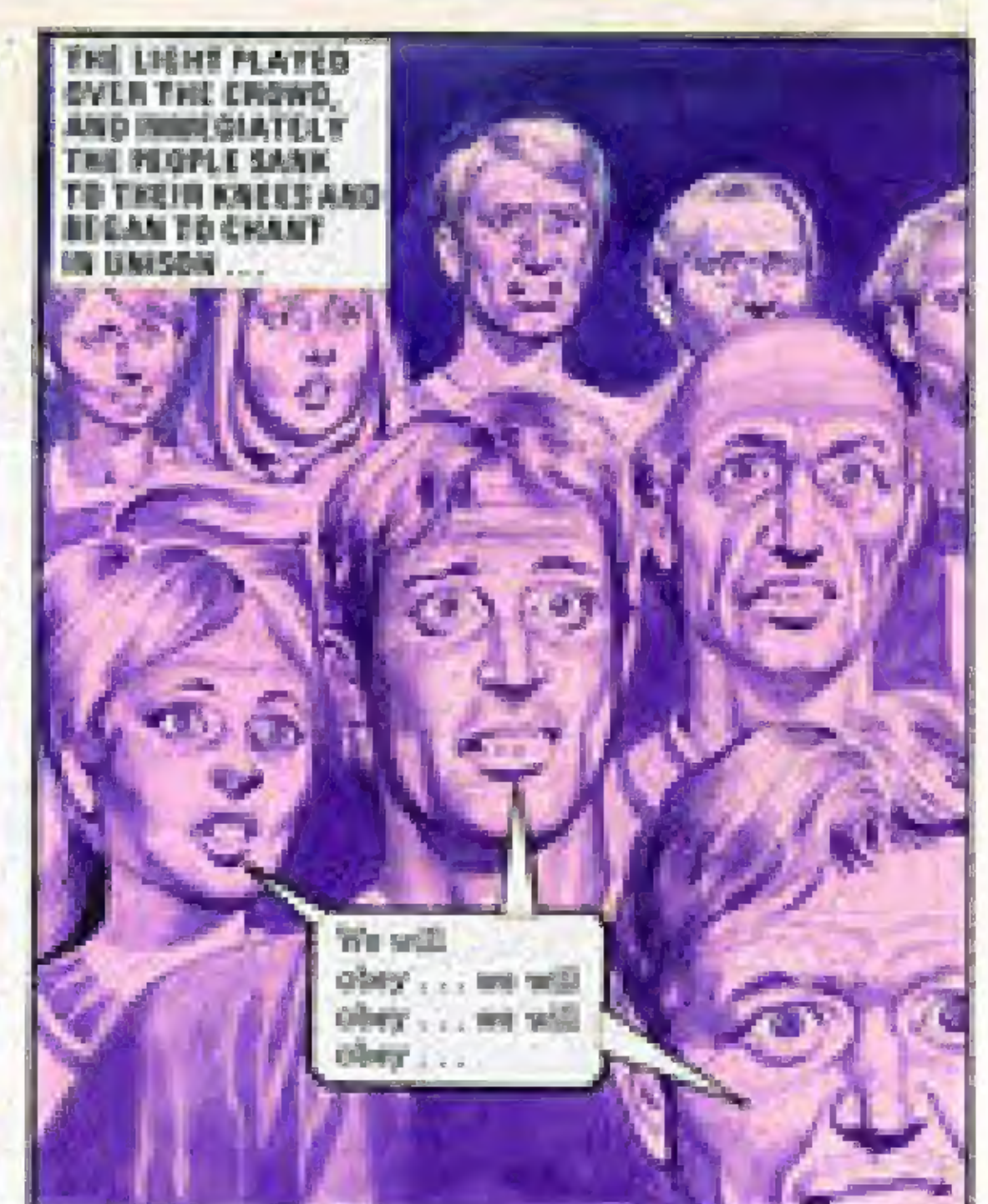
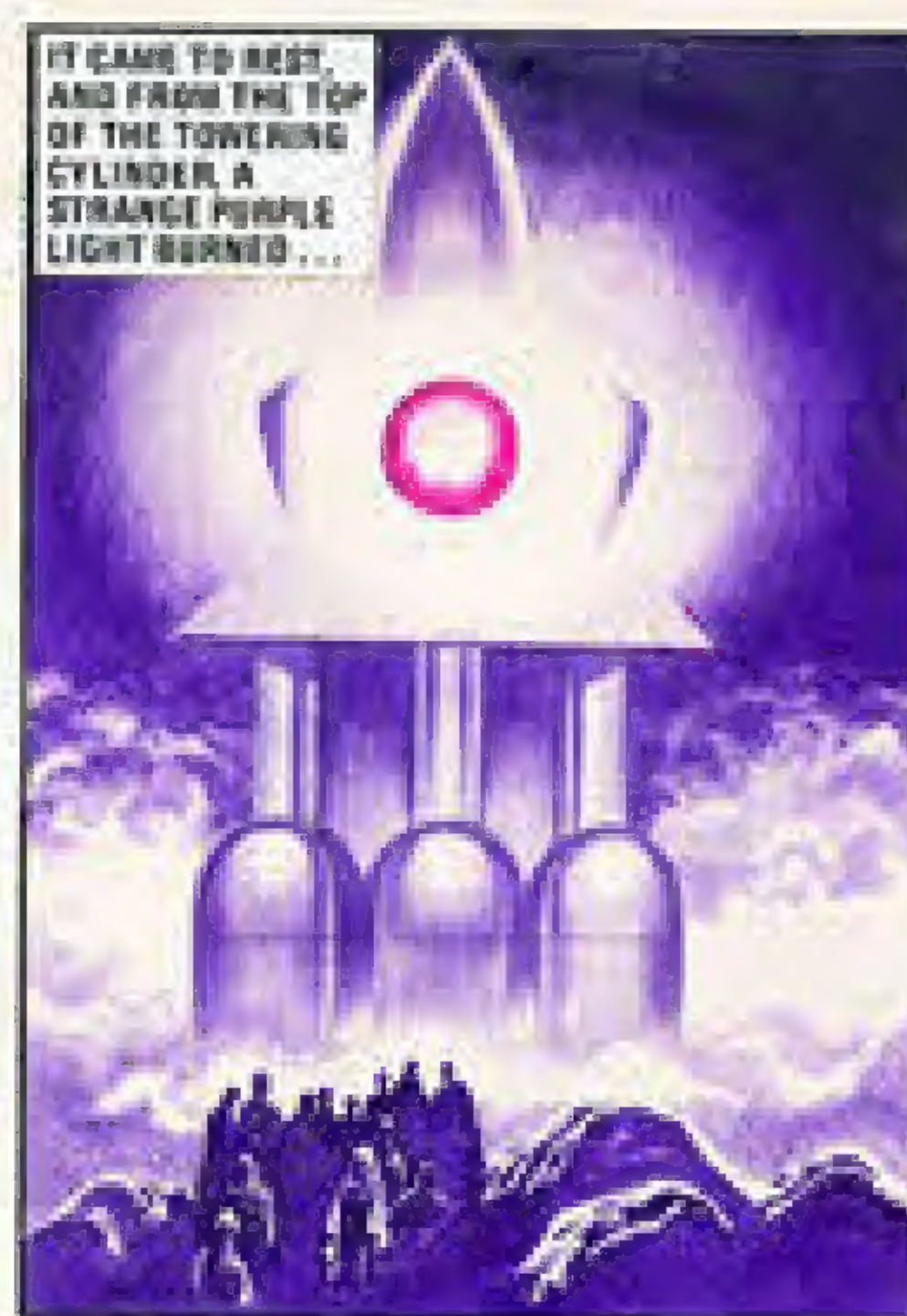
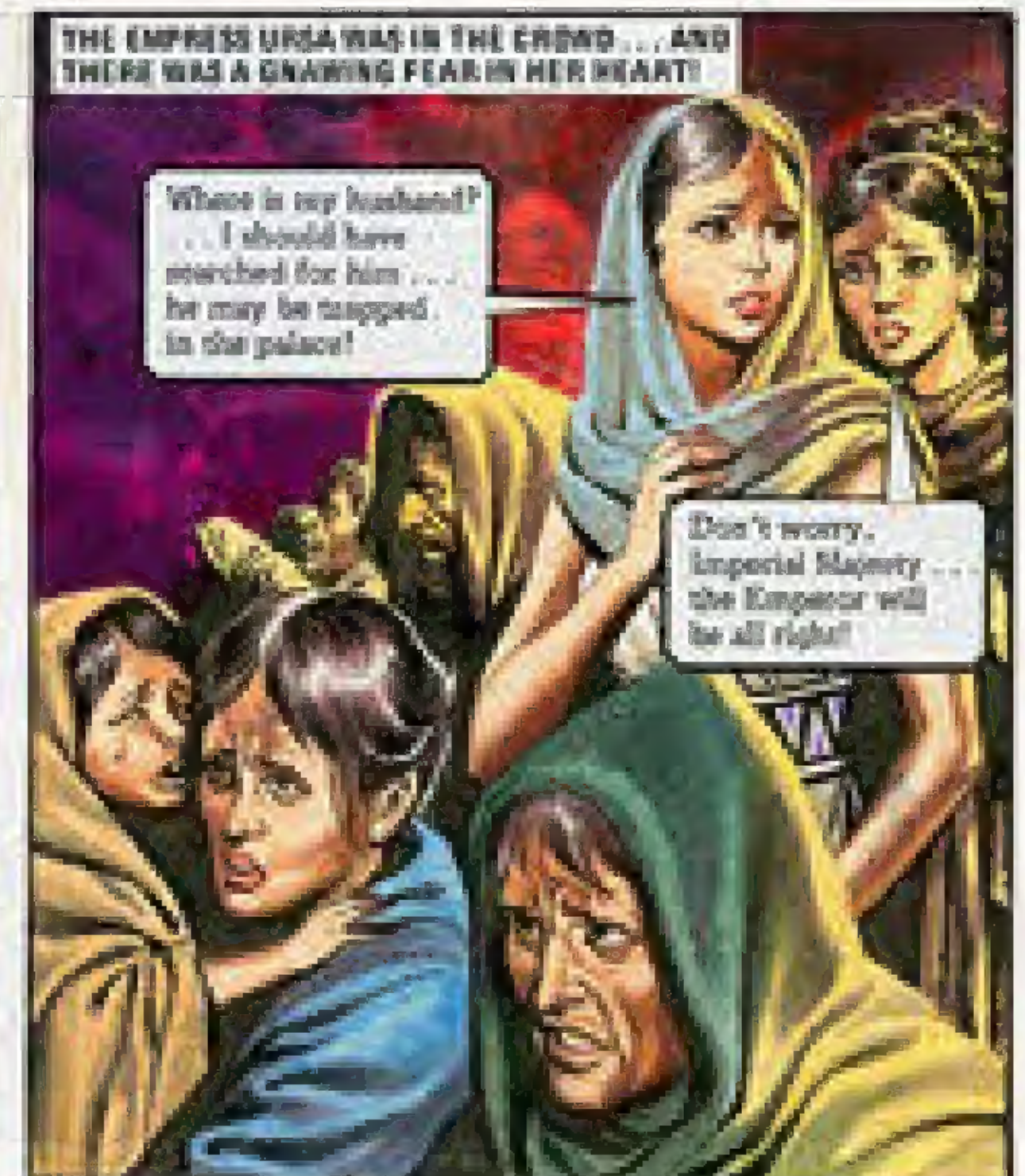
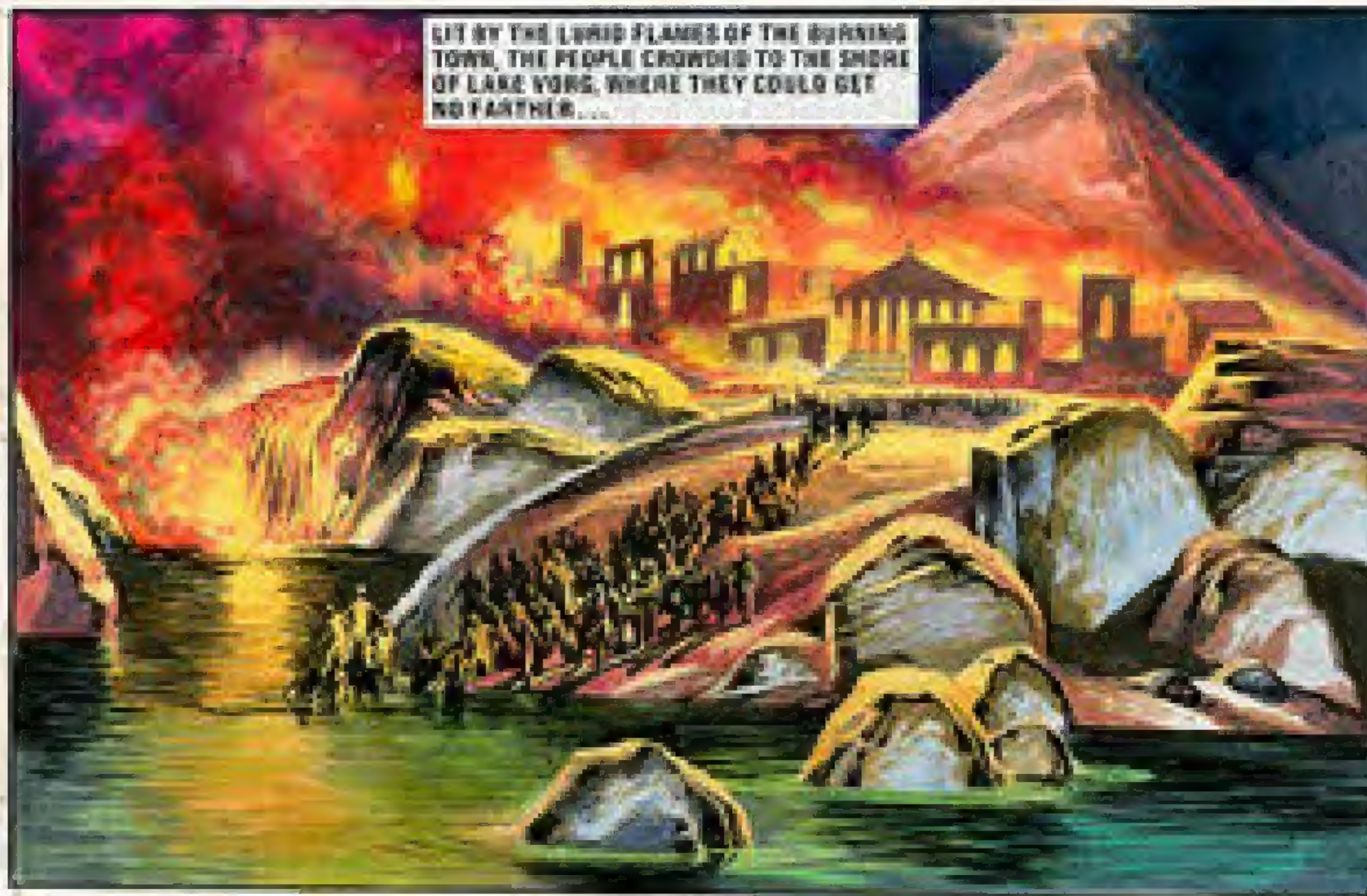
HIGH ABOVE THE STRICKEN CITY, THE GUSH OF LAVA CEASED TO POUR FROM THE LIPS OF MOUNT SPYX... AND ALL WAS SILENT...

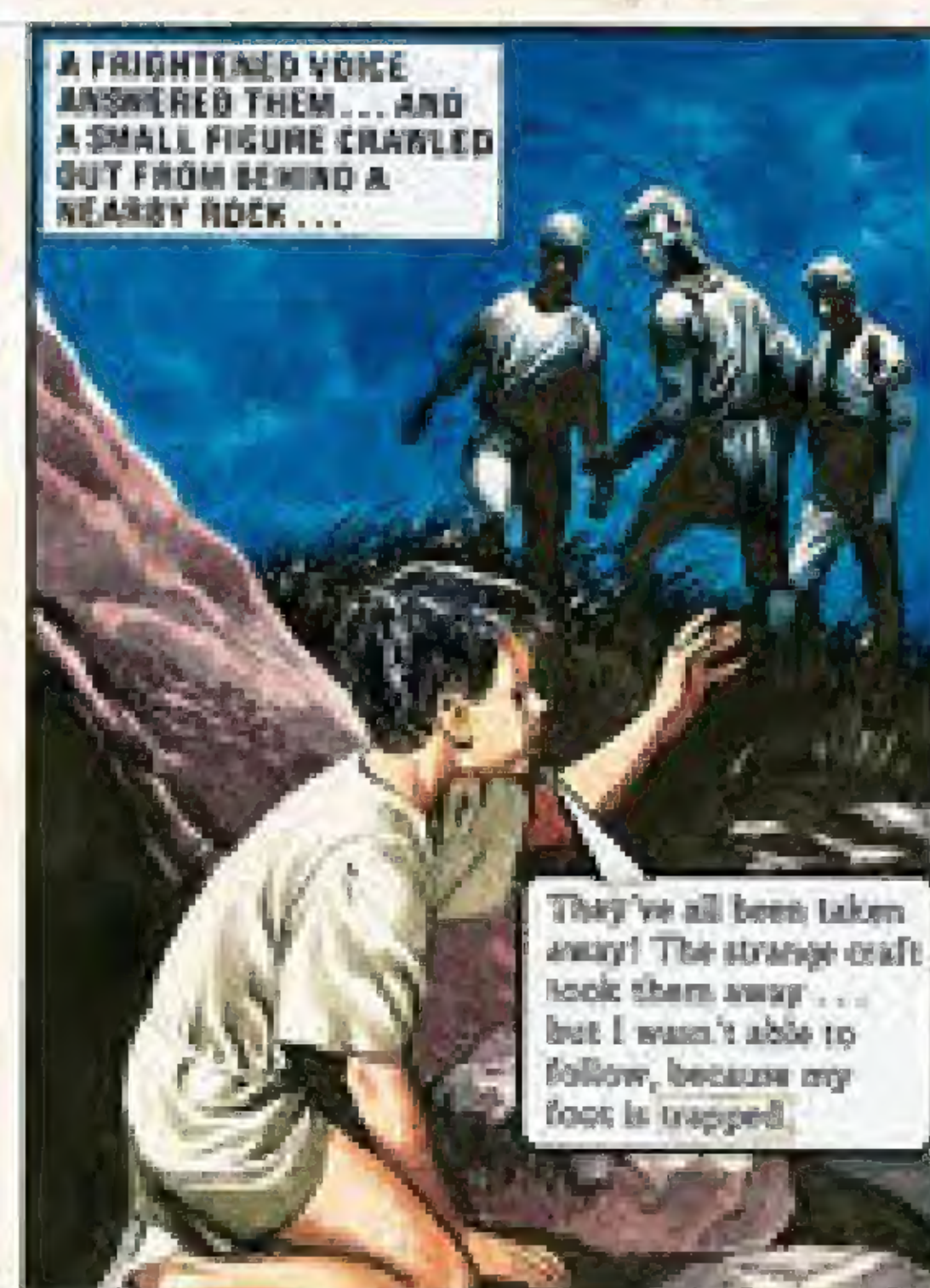


AND THEN... IT HAPPENED!

FROM OUT OF THE BLACK ABYSS ROSE A STRANGE CRAFT... COMING FROM THE UNKNOWN DEPTHS OF THE VOLCANO ON ITS TAIL OF FIRE!

Missing episodes Look and Learn 383 384 387





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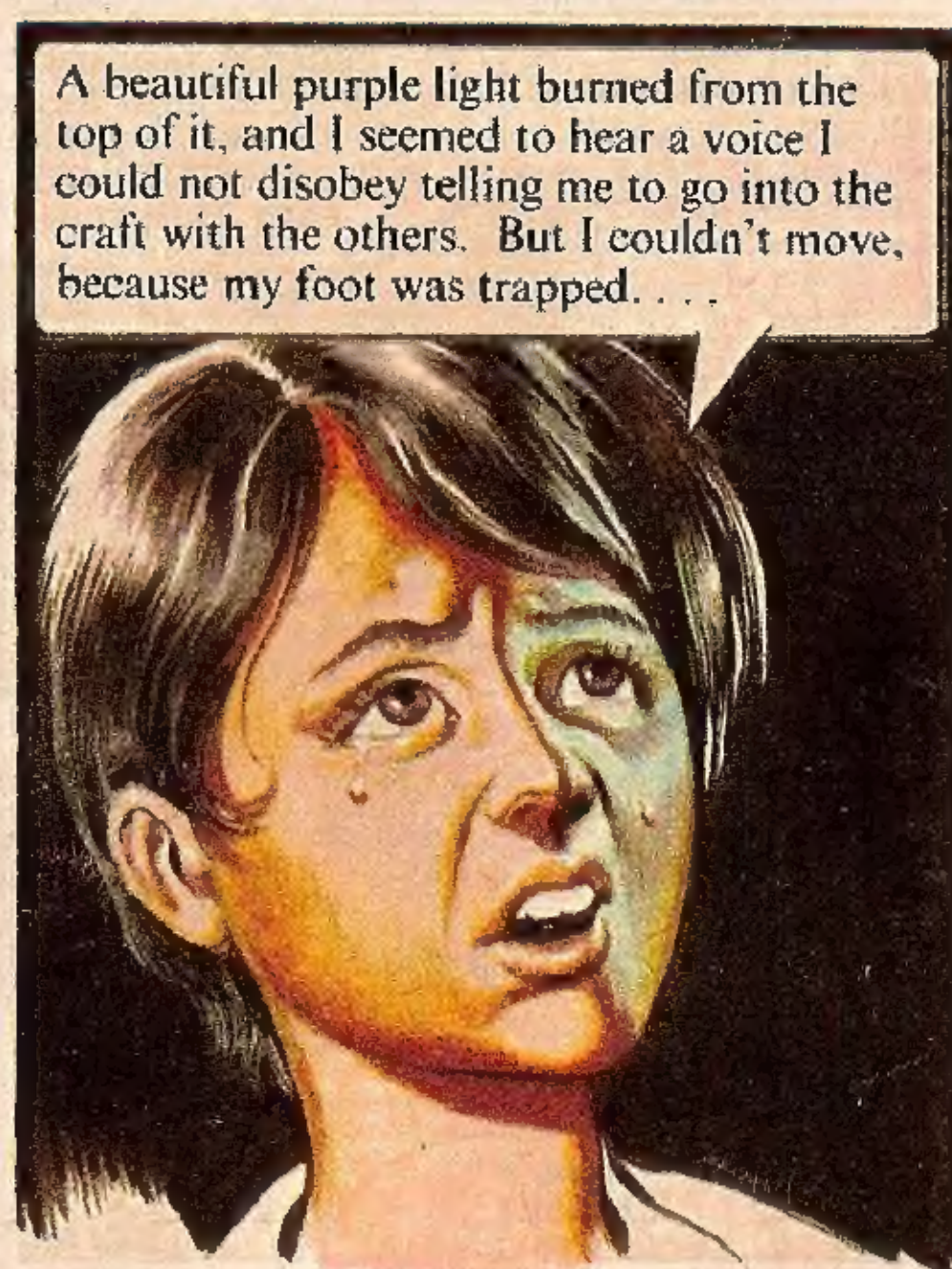
Mount Spyx has erupted, and a wall of molten lava is engulfing the lakeside resort of Bala. After escaping from the ruins of the summer palace, the Emperor Trigo, Janno and Keren find a boy on the lake shore who tells a fantastic story. . . .



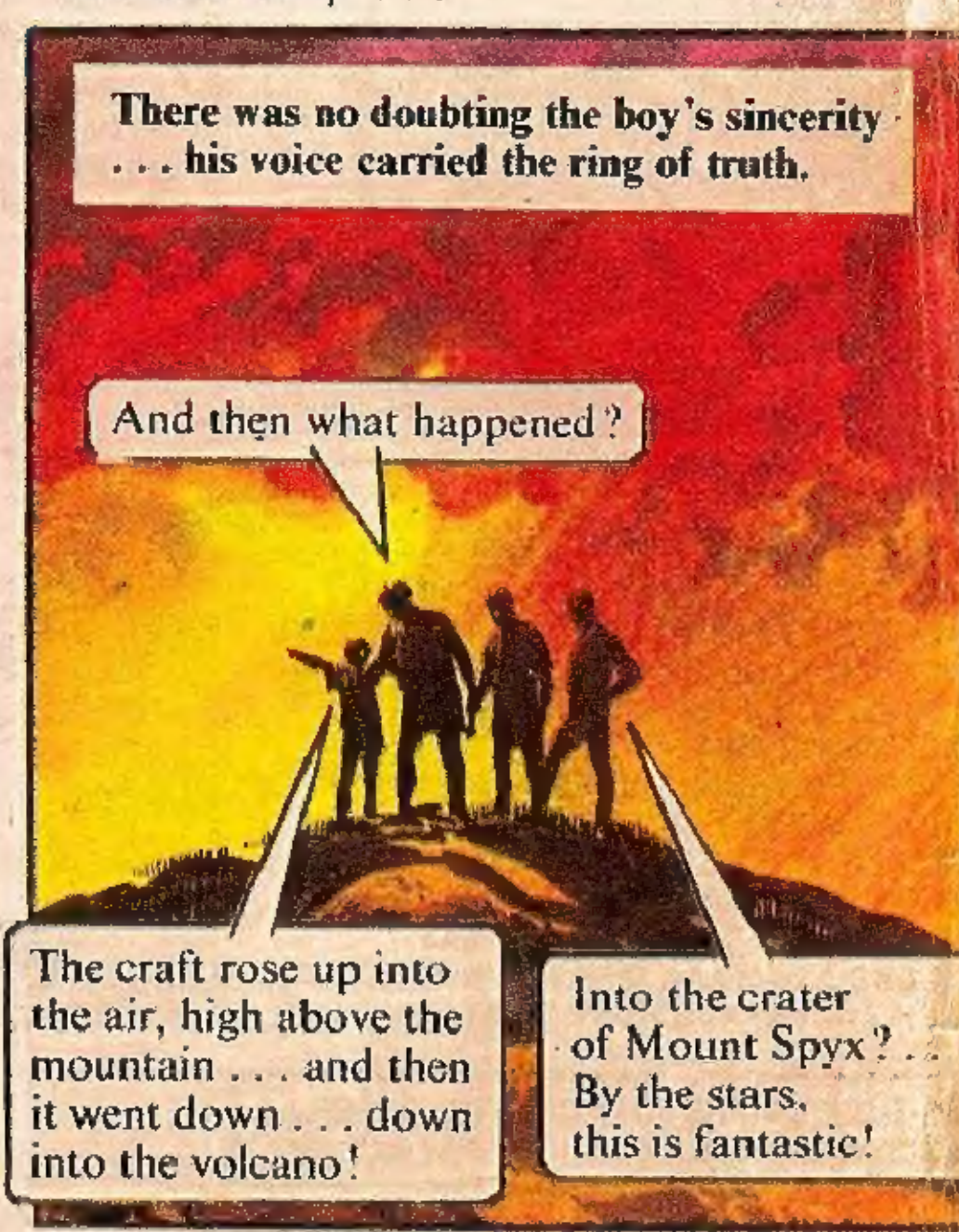
Trigo stared disbelievingly at the boy.

What nonsense is this you are telling me, son?

It's true, Imperial Majesty! . . . With my own eyes I saw the Empress and the people go into the strange craft. . . .



A beautiful purple light burned from the top of it, and I seemed to hear a voice I could not disobey telling me to go into the craft with the others. But I couldn't move, because my foot was trapped. . . .



There was no doubting the boy's sincerity . . . his voice carried the ring of truth.

And then what happened?

The craft rose up into the air, high above the mountain . . . and then it went down . . . down into the volcano!

Into the crater of Mount Spyx? . . . By the stars, this is fantastic!

Suddenly, a dark shape swept towards them across the lake. To their utter relief they saw it was a Trigan patrol vessel.



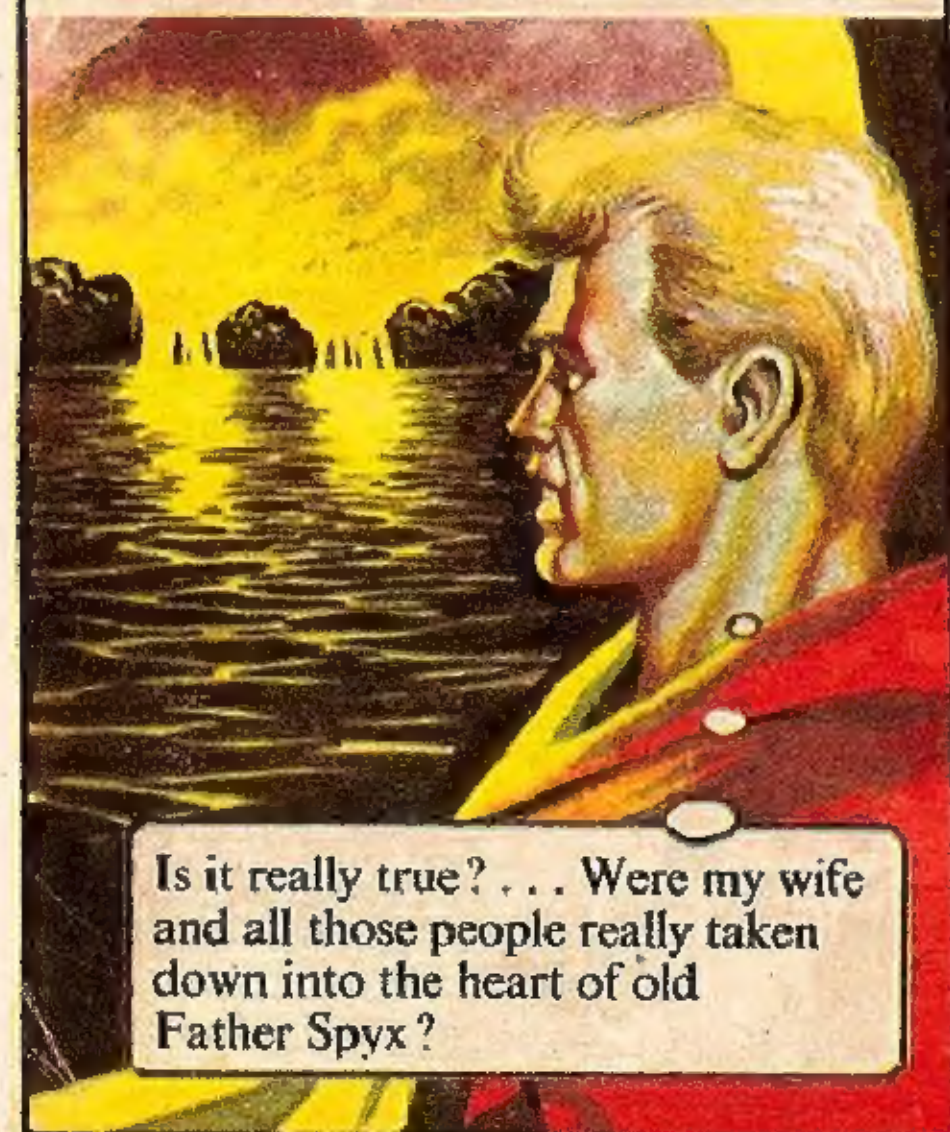
We - have - come - to pick - up - survivors!



So ends Bala! . . . The most beautiful place on the planet Elekton!

They were taken aboard . . . the only survivors from the thousands who had been in the doomed town before the disaster. And no sooner had they left the shore than the great wall of lava poured into the lake, sending up great columns of scalding steam.

From the deck of the craft, Trigo gazed back at the frowning crest of Mount Spyx.



Is it really true? . . . Were my wife and all those people really taken down into the heart of old Father Spyx?

Many days later, when the lava had somewhat cooled, a force of Trigan atmosphere craft landed on the still smoking slopes of the mountain.



Trigo was amongst the first to alight. With him were Keren and Janno.



The Emperor, the two youths, and two trusted officers of Trigo's bodyguard put on propulsion gear at the very lip of the vast crater.



Right!... Let's go then...

A wave of farewell to the others, and then... led by the Emperor himself... they launched themselves into the dark abyss of Mount Spyx!

Good luck!



Down... down... down...



And then... deep in the heart of the great mountain... they were suddenly engulfed in a searing purple light!

And Janno seemed to hear a commanding voice ringing in his ears... "Come down!... Come closer... Closer to the light!"



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The Emperor Trigo himself is leading a search party down into the depths of the volcano of mount Spyx to find the inhabitants of Bala who—it is said—were taken down there in a mysterious craft during a disastrous earthquake. . . . Suddenly the search party is assailed by a sinister purple light. . . .



The purple light enveloped the five flyers, and each heard the command. . . .

Look into the light . . . stare at it and come closer!

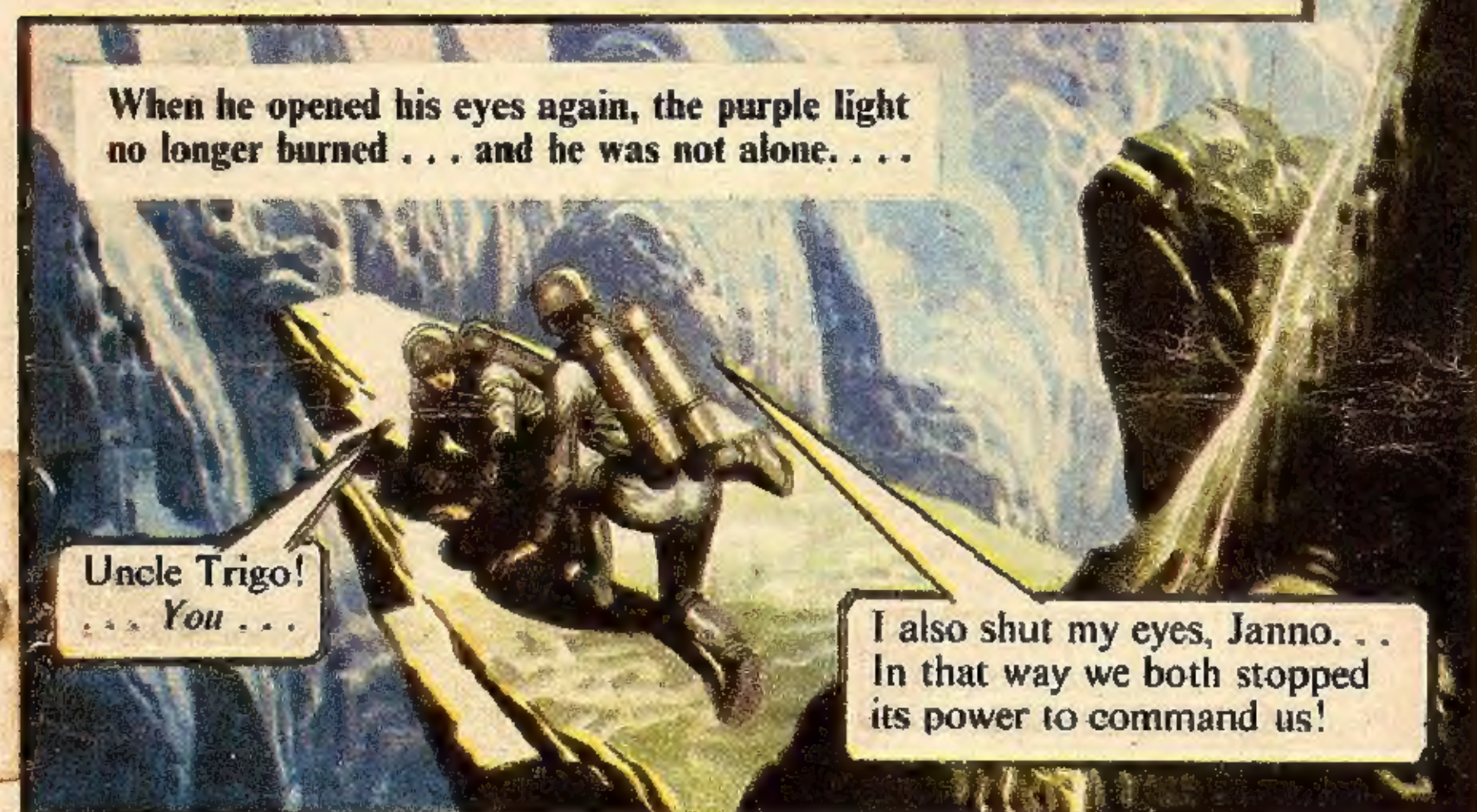
By a massive effort of will, Janno forced himself to close his eyes . . . and instantly the voice died in his ears!



It isn't calling me any more . . . I can resist it!



Moments later, he collided with a rocky outcrop on the wall of the crater . . . and lay there in a bruised heap.



When he opened his eyes again, the purple light no longer burned . . . and he was not alone. . . .

Uncle Trigo!
... You ...

I also shut my eyes, Janno. . .
In that way we both stopped
its power to command us!



But . . . the others?
... Keren and the
two officers? . . .

They have gone wherever
the light has commanded
them, Janno!



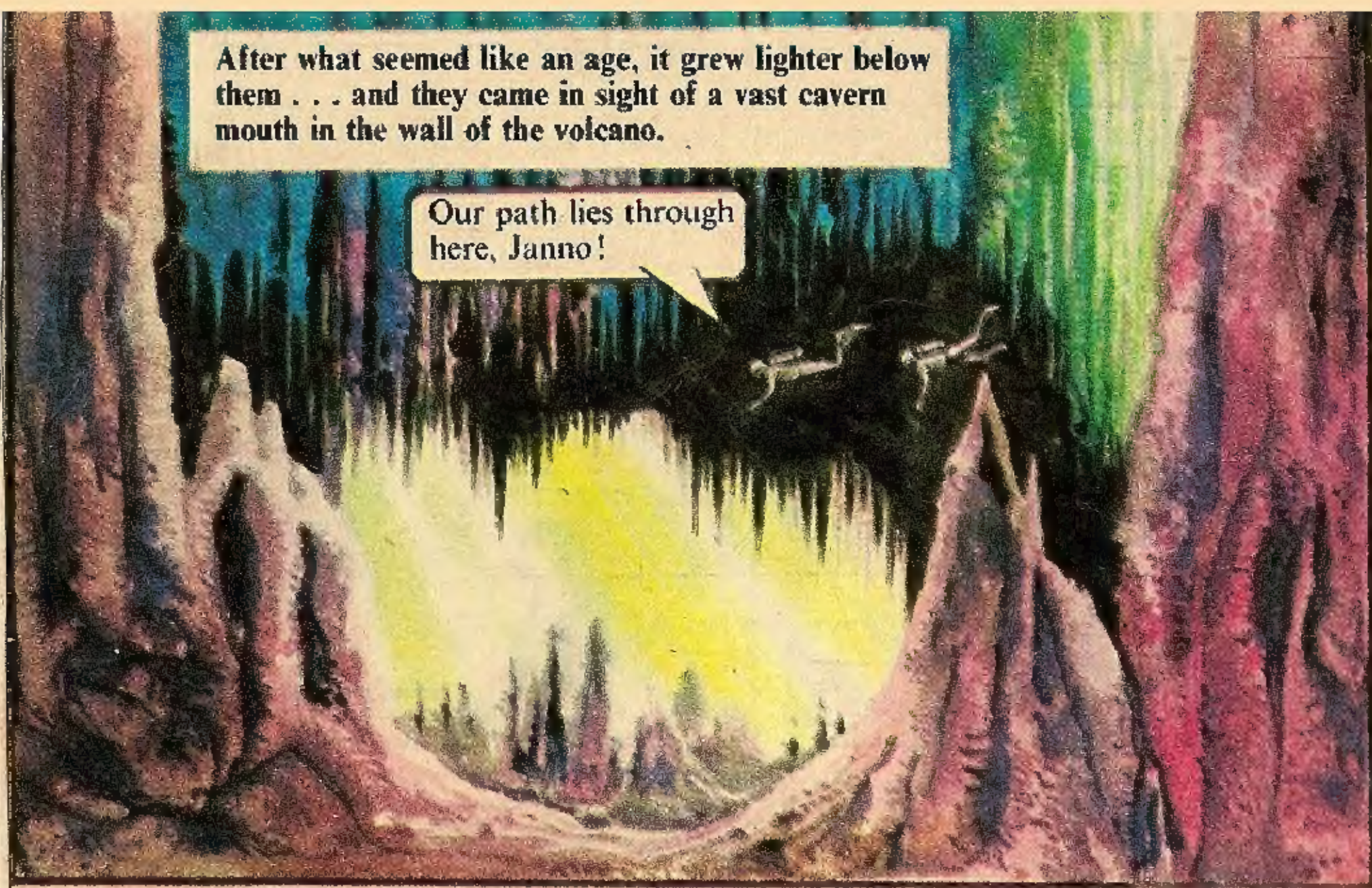
Without hesitation,
the Trigan Emperor
launched himself
again into the abyss.

Come on, lad. . . . No
time to waste!



Janno followed his uncle . . . and together they
soared down the great shaft of the mighty volcano.
Down. . . . Down. . . . Down. . . .

Keep close to
the wall, Janno.
... In this way
we may escape
being seen!



After what seemed like an age, it grew lighter below them . . . and they came in sight of a vast cavern mouth in the wall of the volcano.

Our path lies through here, Janno!

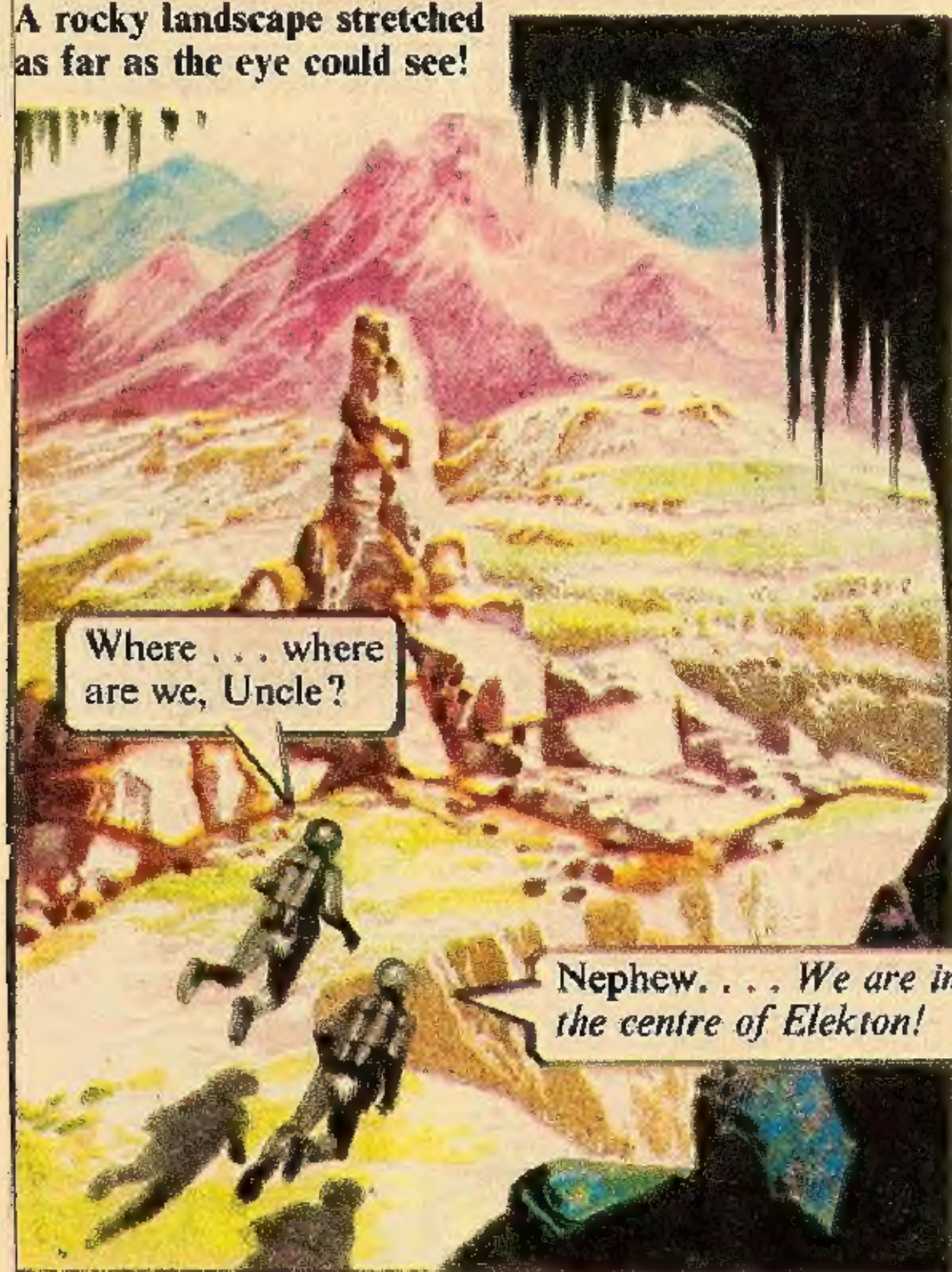


Zooming into the huge opening, they stared in awe at what lay before them. . . .

By the stars!

It is a planet within a planet!

A rocky landscape stretched as far as the eye could see!



Where . . . where are we, Uncle?

Nephew. . . . We are in the centre of Elekton!

And then. . . .



Look out!



. . . They came!

Dive, Janno! . . . Dive for your life!

Whoomph. . . . Whoomph! . . . Two charges from Trigo's pistol burst against his nearest attacker, with no effect.



Uncle! . . . It's going to strike you!



But, the next instant, a massive scaly tail connected with Janno's head . . . and he knew no more!

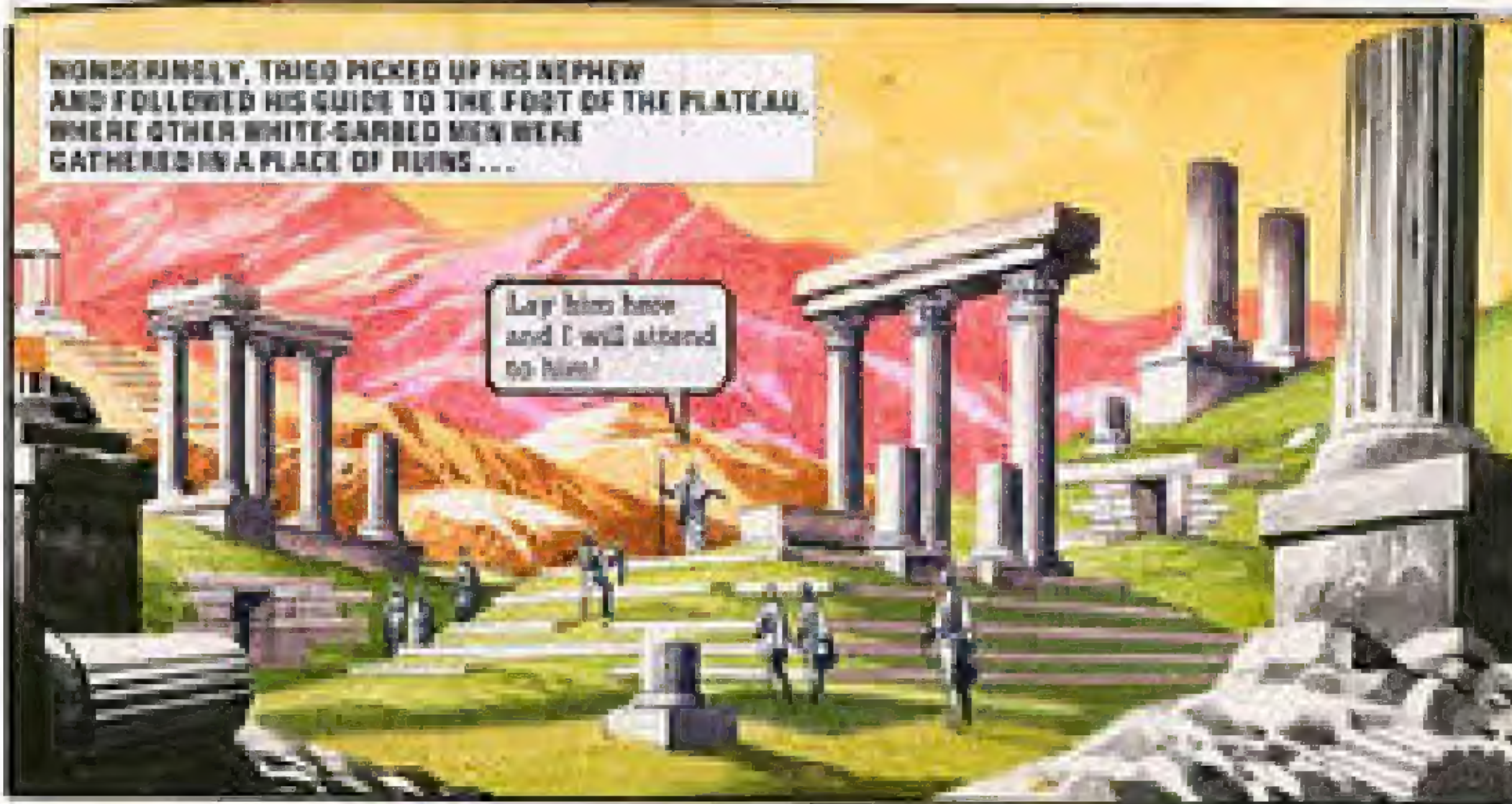
UUUUGH!

Original Art for sale at illustrationartgallery.com



WONDERINGLY, TRIGO PICKED UP HIS NEPHEW AND FOLLOWED HIS GUIDE TO THE FOOT OF THE PLATEAU, WHERE OTHER WHITE-CARDED MEN WERE GATHERED IN A PLACE OF RUINS...

Lay him here and I will attend to him!



WHILE THE STRANGE MAN TENDED JAMMO'S WOUNDS, HE CALMLY ANSWERED TRIGO'S QUESTIONS...

Who are you people?

We are the Meekers... the lovers of peace... our lives are devoted to the arts and the sciences. And you, I gather, are surface folk?

MOMENTS LATER, A LARGE CRAFT DESCENDED ON A RAIN OF FLAME. IT BORE TWO MEN...



You are doomed, you know. They are determined to destroy every last one of you!

They? Who are they?



BEFORE THE MEEKER COULD REPLY, THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF A MIGHTY ENGINE, AND THEY COVERED IN ALARM!

Quickly... hide! And take the boy with you, or you are both as good as dead!



THE MEEKERS SHRANK IN ALARM BEFORE THE SCOWLING NEW-COMERS...

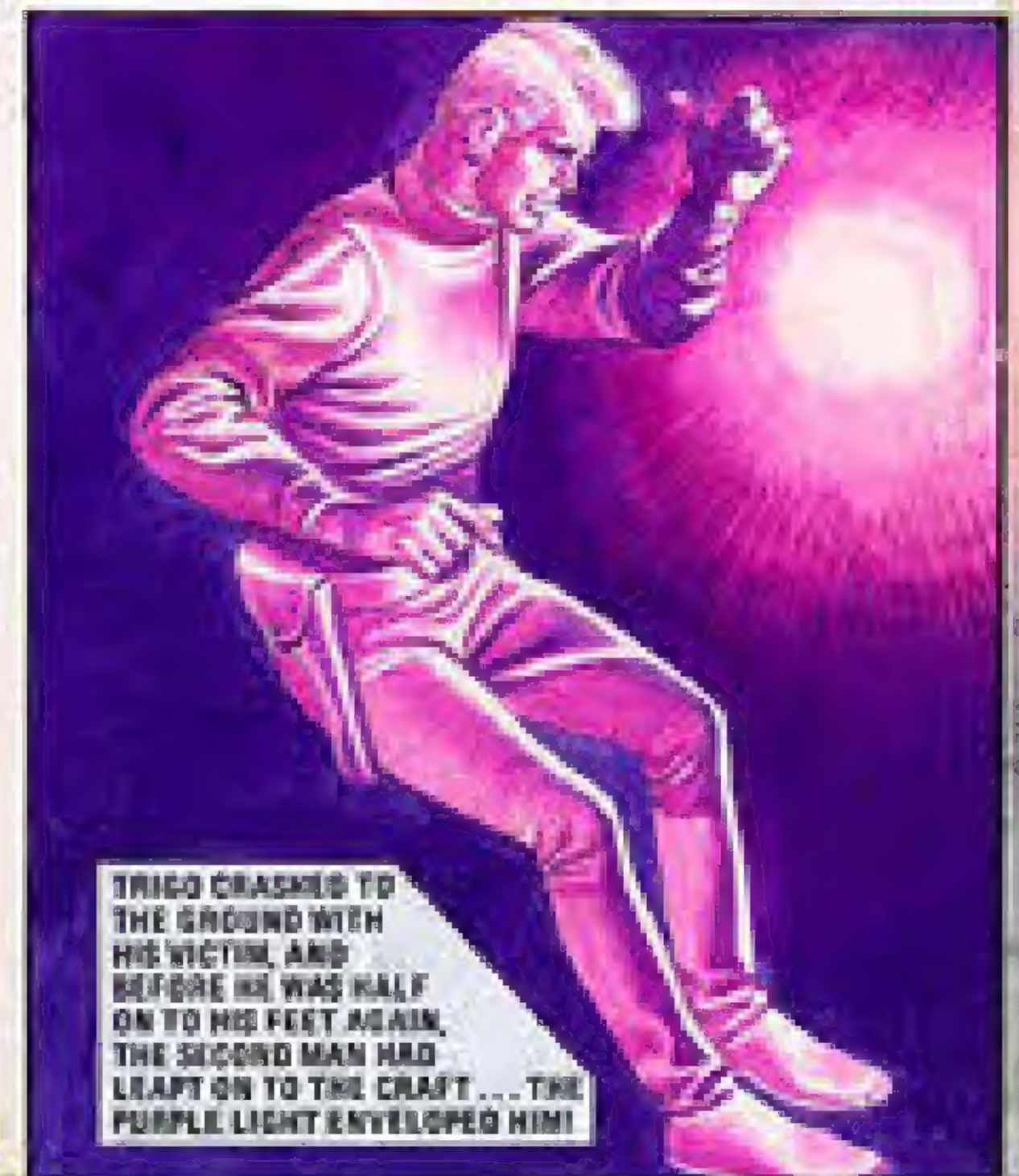
We are searching for two surface-men who escaped the purple light in the volcano shaft... have you seen them? (Speak!)



AND THEN TRIGO ACTED!



TRIGO CRASHED TO THE GROUND WITH HIS VICTIM, AND BEFORE HE WAS HALF ON TO HIS FEET AGAIN, THE SECOND MAN HAD LEAPT ON TO THE CRAFT... THE PURPLE LIGHT ENVELOPED HIM!



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descended into the centre of the planet Elekton in search of the people who were said to have been taken down there by a mysterious craft. Janno is wounded, but they meet a friendly people called Meekers who tend his hurts. Then a strange craft descends . . . and Trigo is subjected to the rays of the sinister purple light.

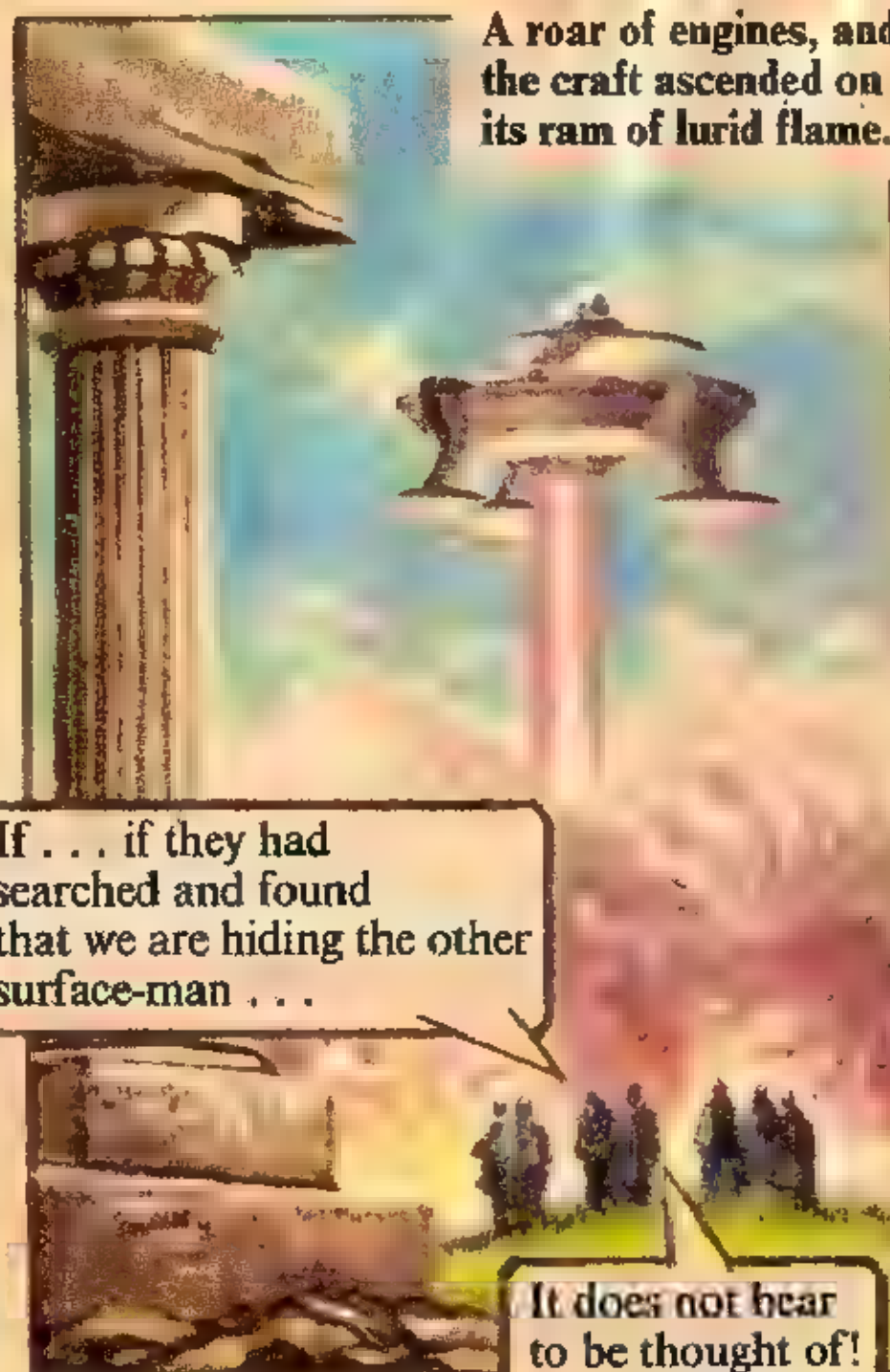
Trigo was not swift enough in shielding his eyes from the purple light. His will was sapped away . . . and he walked blindly towards the craft.



Trigo climbed aboard the strange craft, and the second warrior snarled to the cowering Meekers.



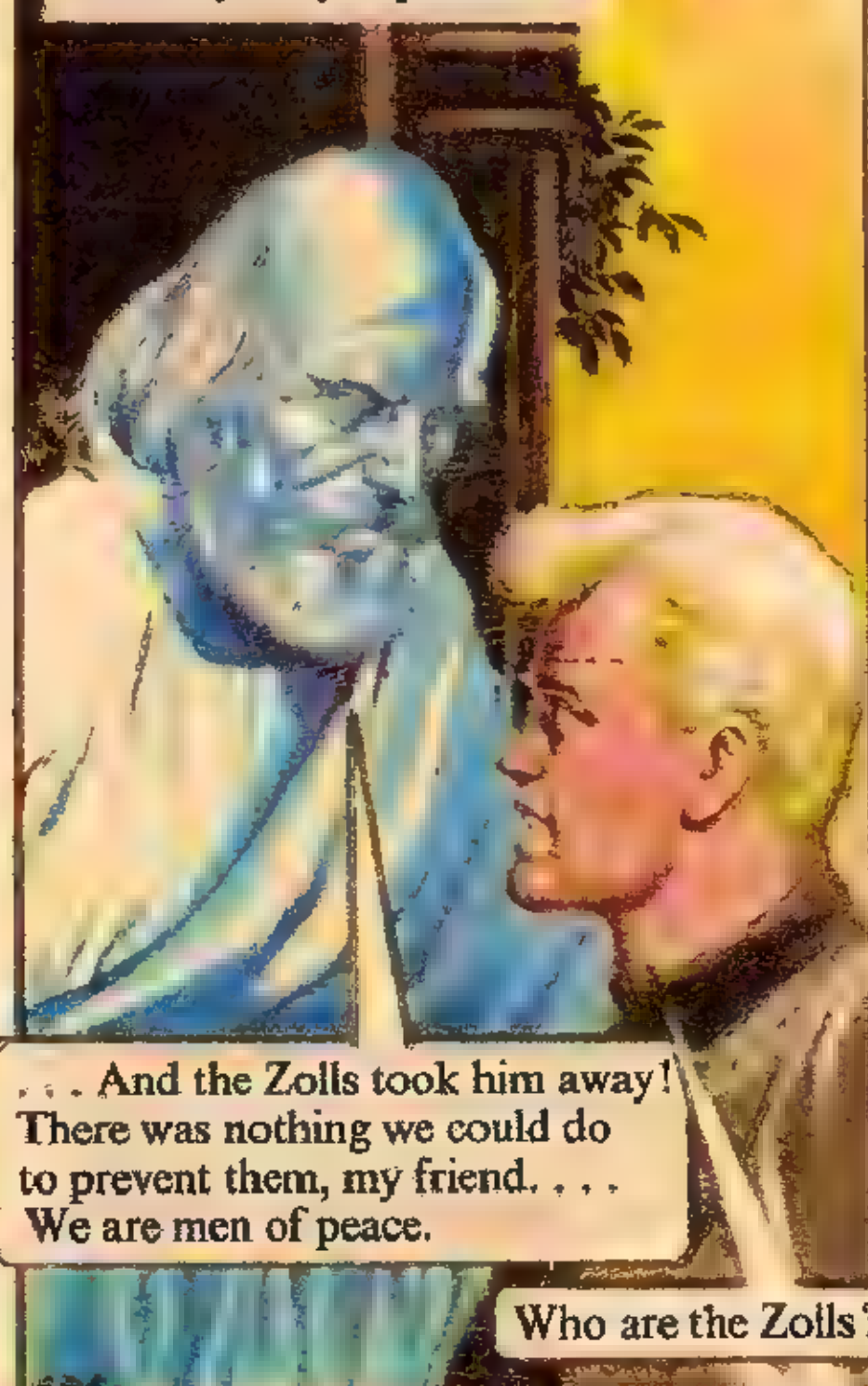
A roar of engines, and the craft ascended on its ram of lurid flame.



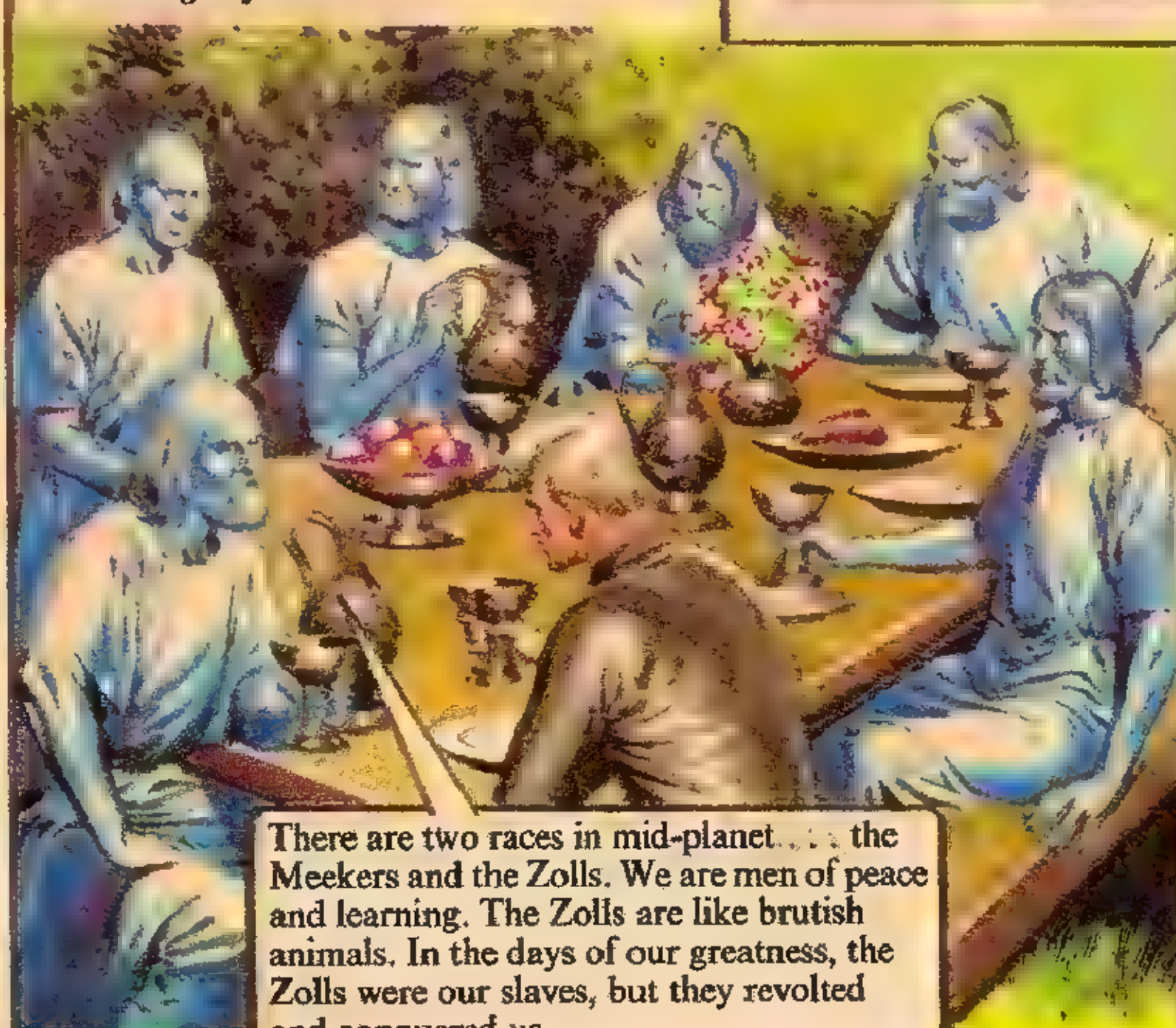
Some time later, Janno recovered consciousness and stared up into the gentle faces of the men in white.



Patently, they explained . . .

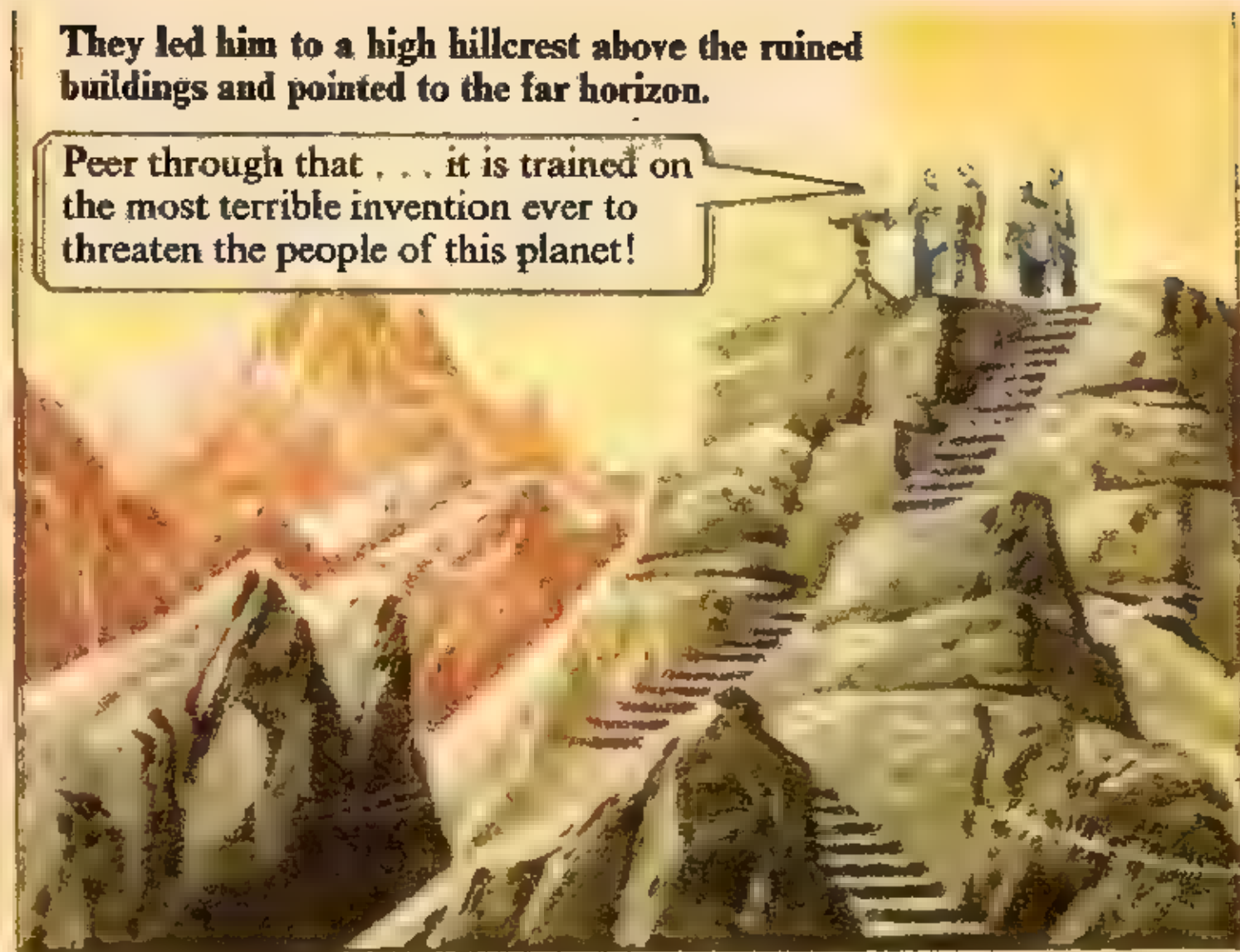
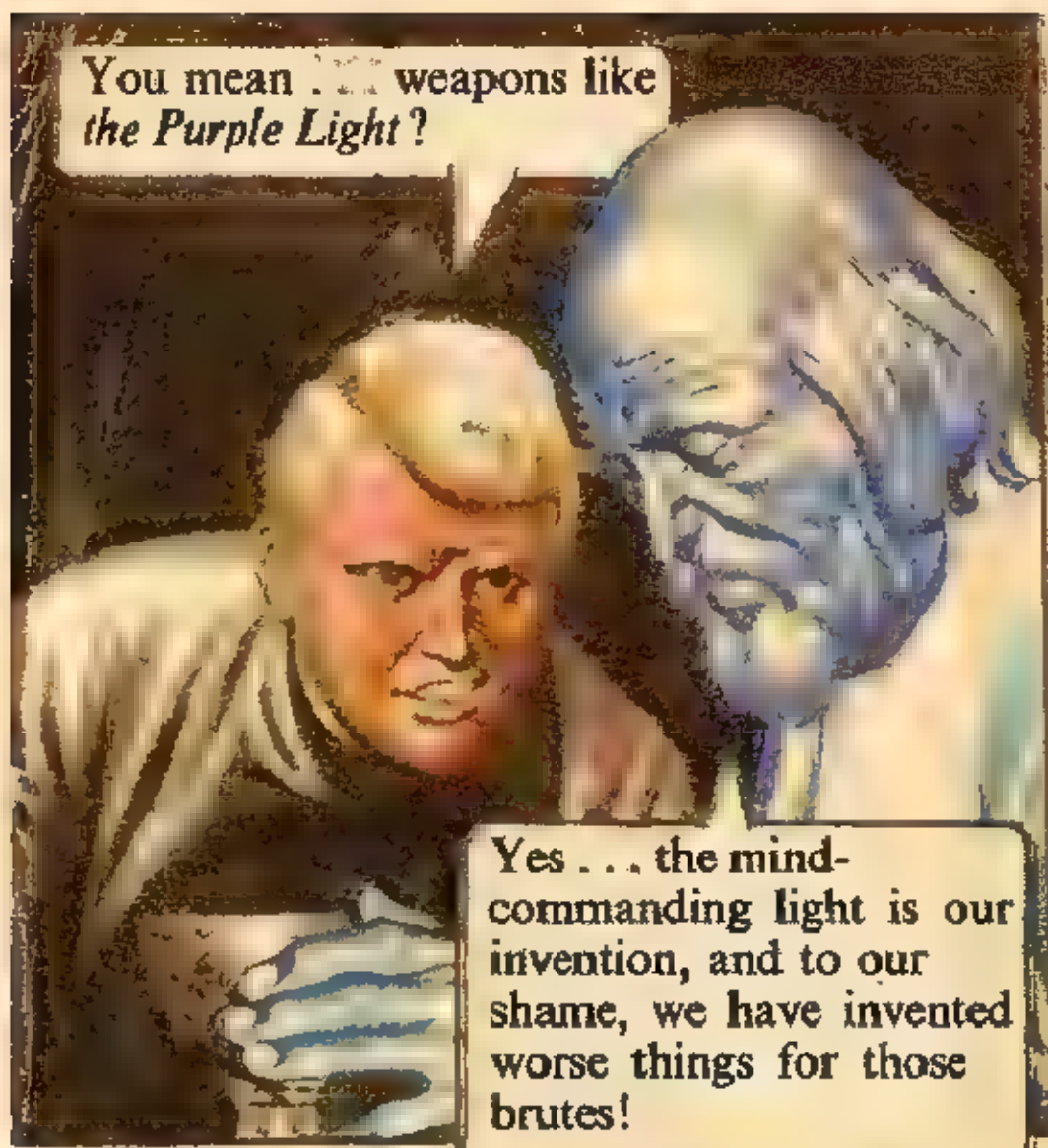


Later, over an excellent meal, the way of life in the heart of Elekton was explained to the Trigan youth.



Now they just permit us to live . . . and in return we are forced to use our scientific knowledge to devise their fiendish weapons of destruction!





Before Janno could reply, the roar of engines filled the air ... and a Zoll craft swept down towards the hillcrest!



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The centre of the planet Elekton is peopled by two races . . . the brutish Zolls, and the peace-loving Meekers who are forced to use their scientific knowledge to serve the Zolls.

After learning from the Meekers that the Zolls plan to destroy life on the surface of the planet by means of volcanic eruptions, Janno of Trigan is threatened by the arrival of a Zoll craft bearing the dreaded *purple light* which destroys men's wills . . .



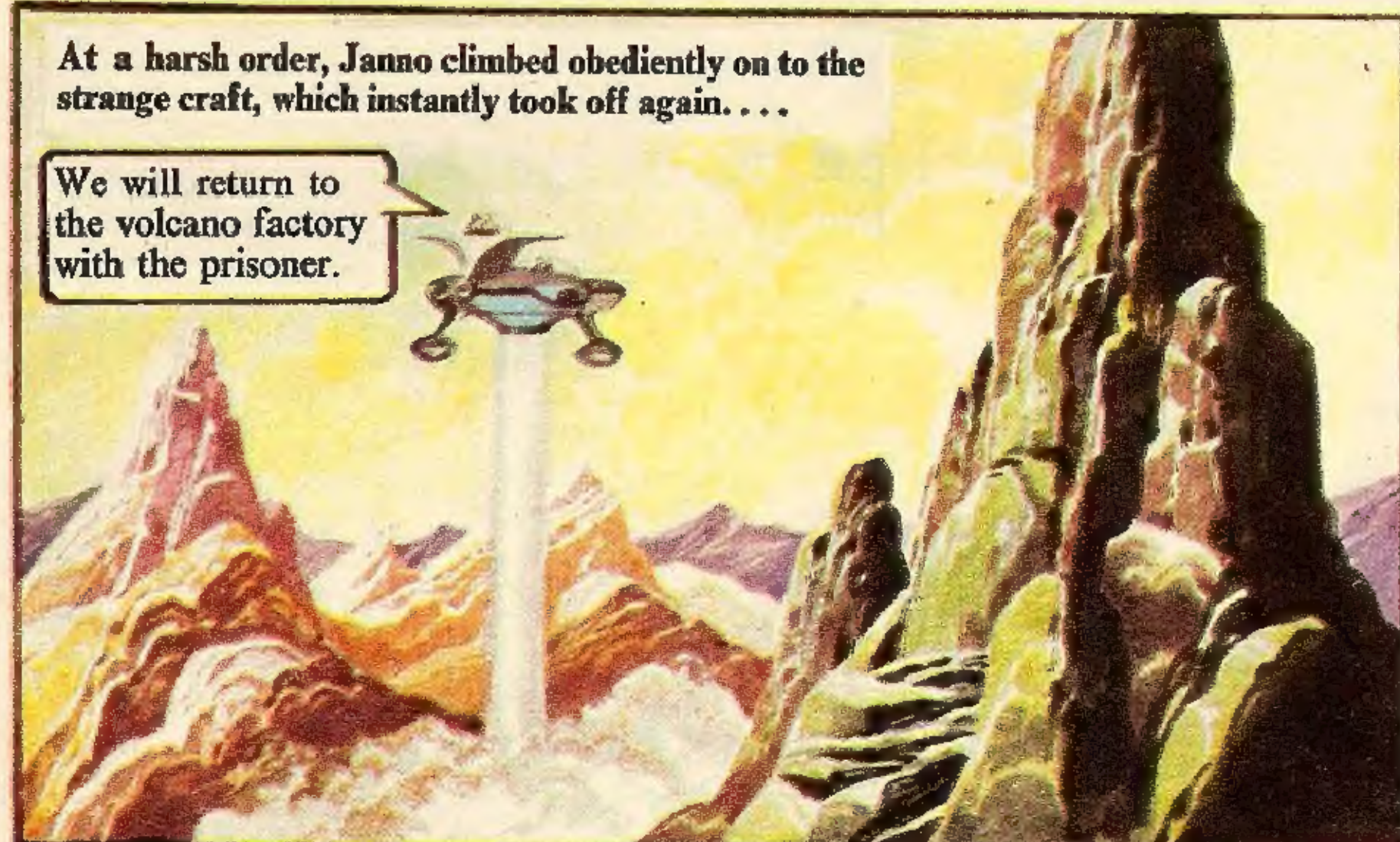
Janno closed his eyes and . . . turning . . . he cried out in a sing-song voice. . . .

I—hear—and—I—obey—



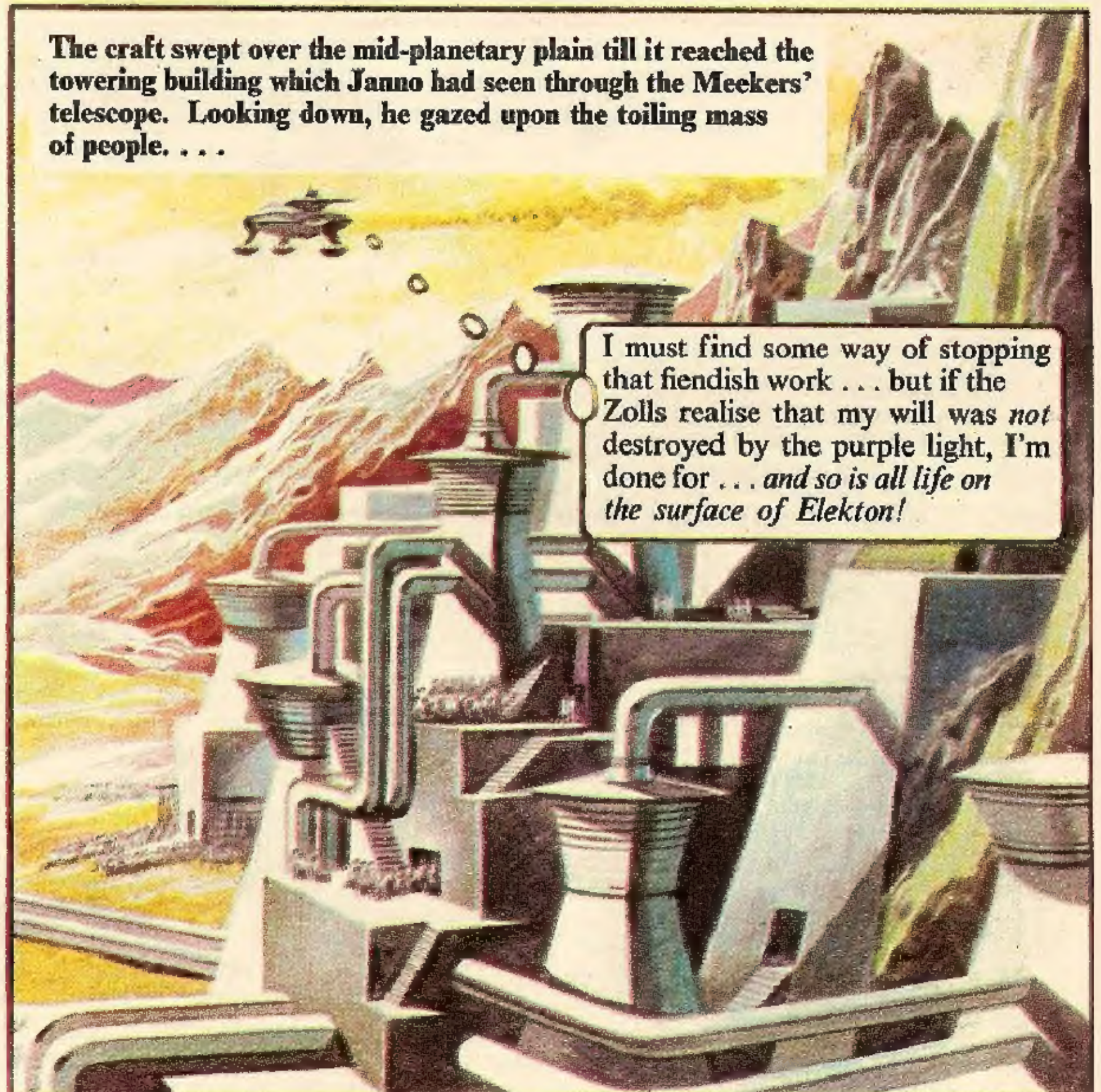
The Zolls had not noticed that the young Trigan's eyes were closed. The purple light was extinguished. . . .

He is the second surface-man whom we were seeking . . . good!



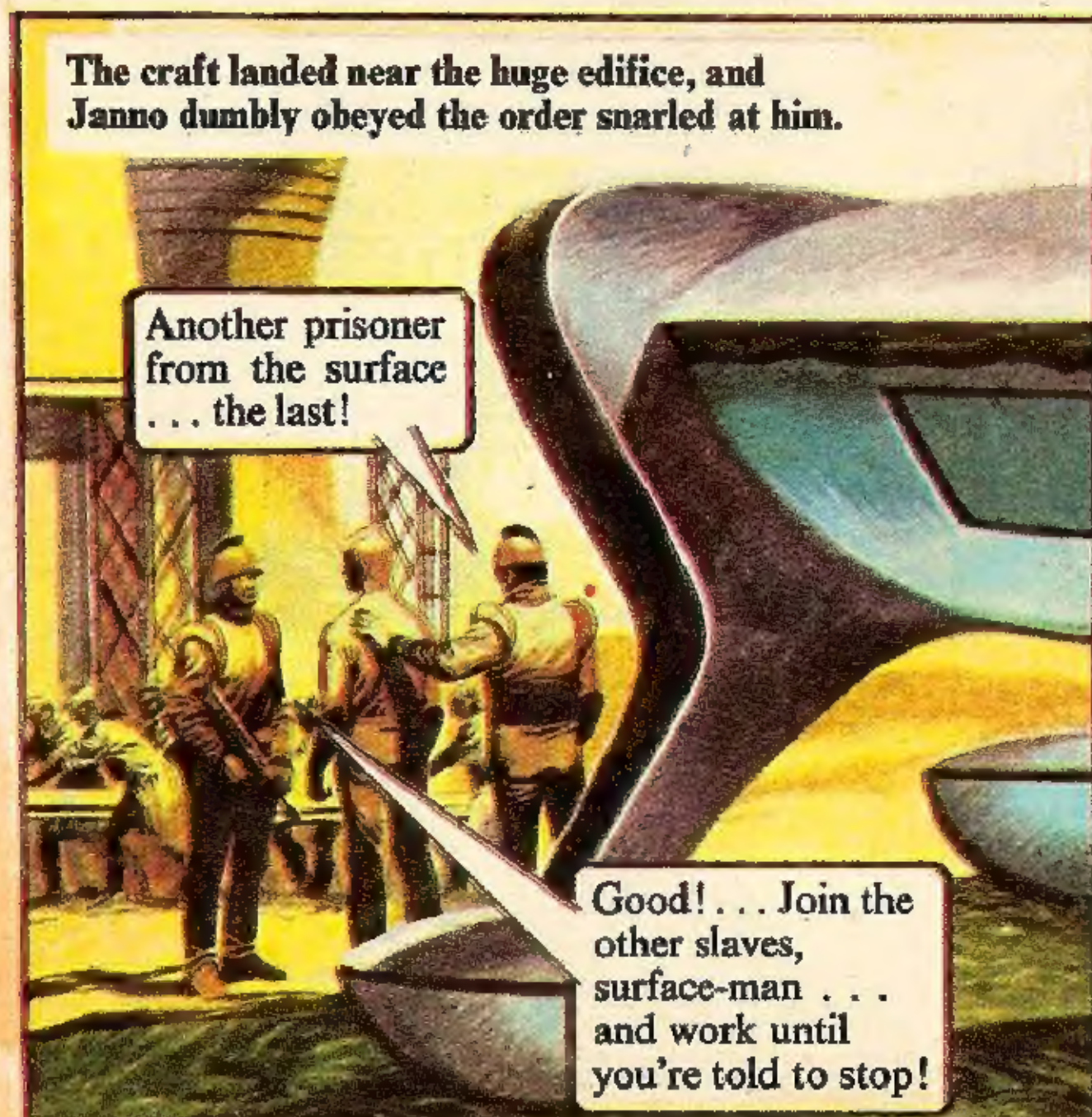
At a harsh order, Janno climbed obediently on to the strange craft, which instantly took off again. . . .

We will return to the volcano factory with the prisoner.



The craft swept over the mid-planetary plain till it reached the towering building which Janno had seen through the Meekers' telescope. Looking down, he gazed upon the toiling mass of people. . . .

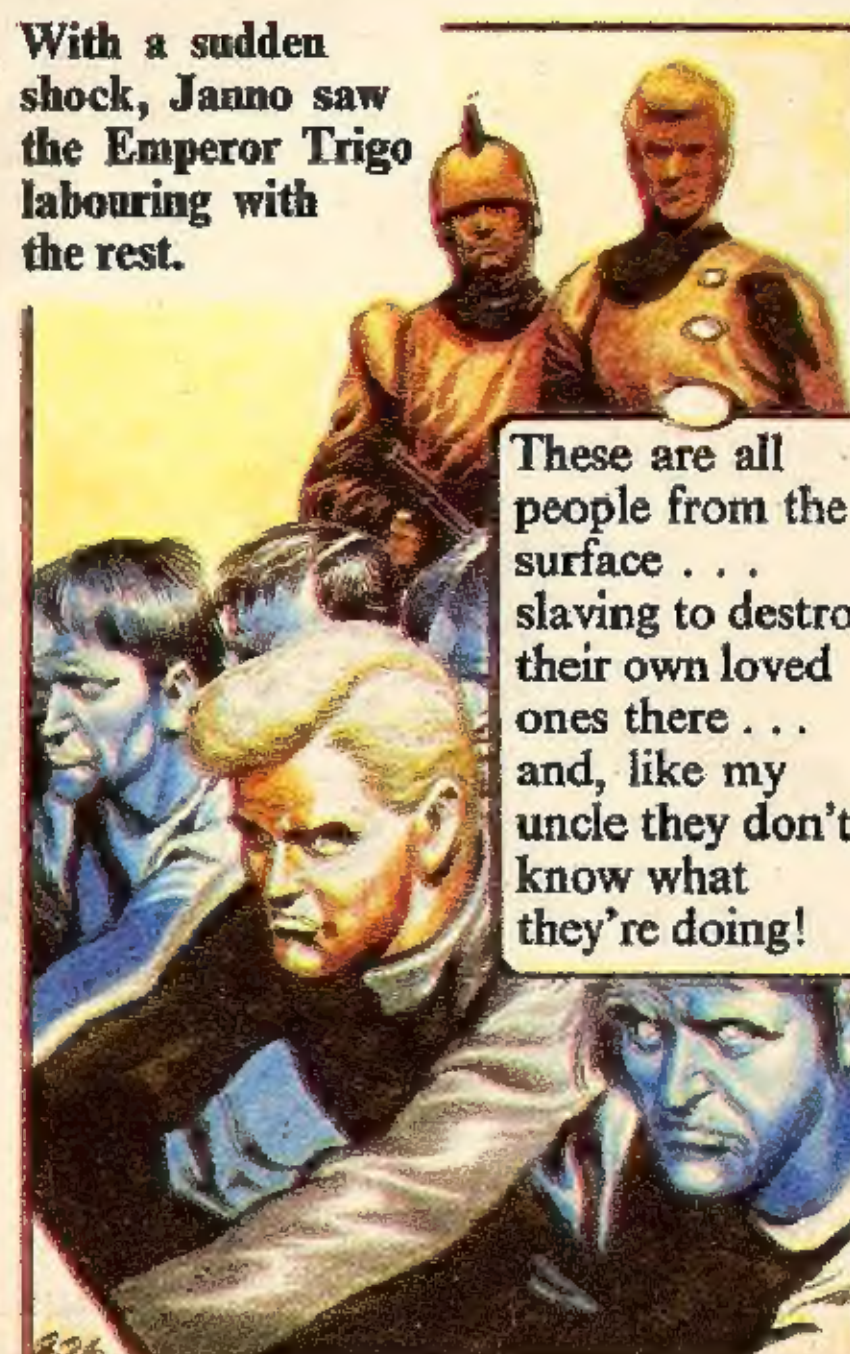
I must find some way of stopping that fiendish work . . . but if the Zolls realise that my will was *not* destroyed by the purple light, I'm done for . . . and so is all life on the surface of Elekton!



The craft landed near the huge edifice, and Janno dumbly obeyed the order snarled at him.

Another prisoner from the surface . . . the last!

Good! . . . Join the other slaves, surface-man . . . and work until you're told to stop!



With a sudden shock, Janno saw the Emperor Trigo labouring with the rest.

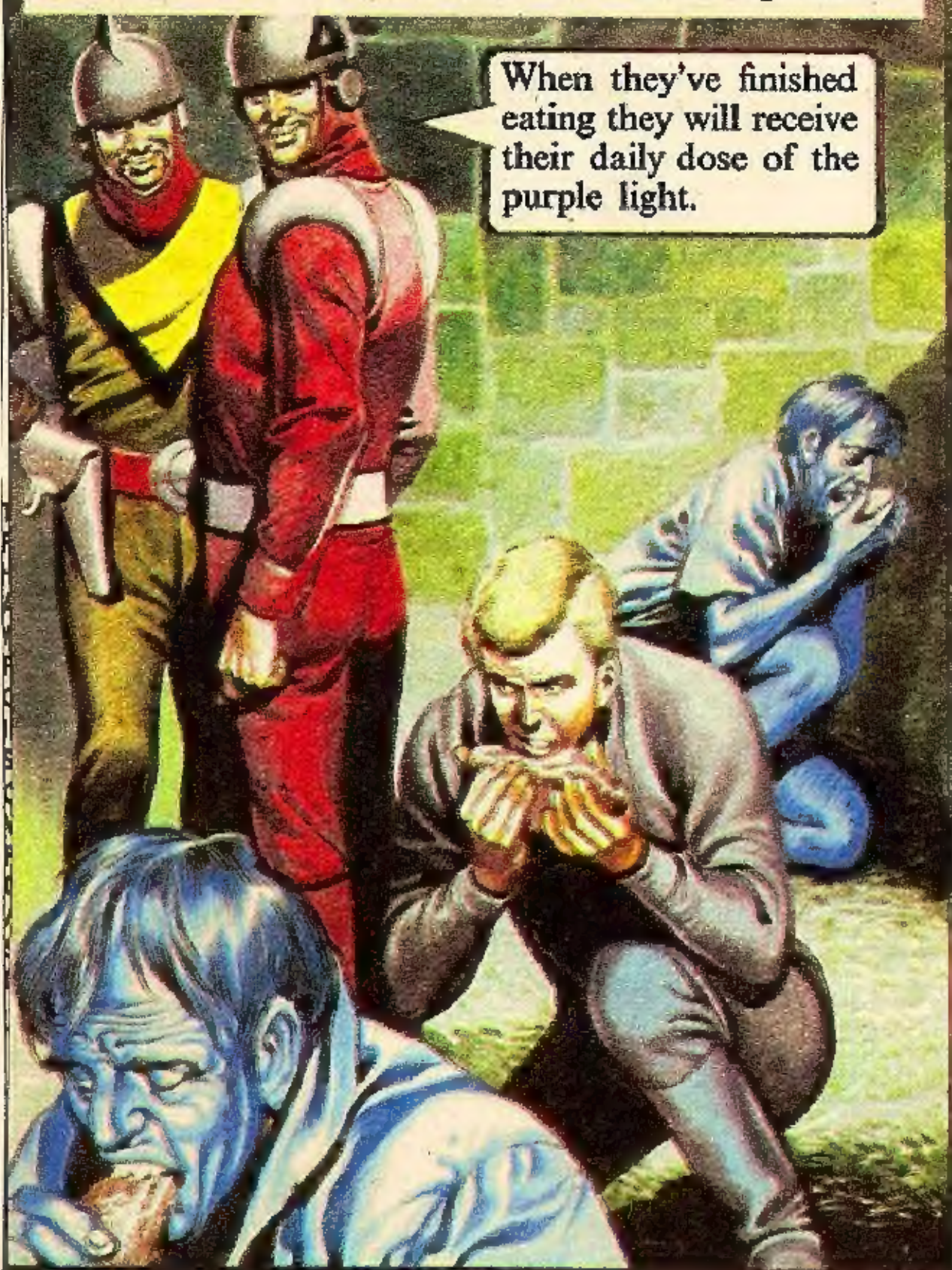
These are all people from the surface . . . slaving to destroy their own loved ones there . . . and, like my uncle they don't know what they're doing!



Janno took his place beside Trigo and bent his back to the muscle-aching work. Later . . . much later . . . the Zoll overseer called a halt.

Now you will rest for food!

Scraps of broken meat were thrown at the slaves, who fell upon the rough food like animals. Janno ate . . . and listened to a conversation between two of his captors.



When they've finished eating they will receive their daily dose of the purple light.

When do we start the volcanoes?



In a few hours . . . as soon as this wall is completed!

Think of it! . . . There are thousands of volcanoes on the surface. In a few hours from now, the ground will open up and swallow whole cities! . . . Then we shall be masters of the entire planet!



He leapt!



Janno waited to hear no more . . . he rose to his feet and poised himself for action. . . .



This may be my last chance . . . and the last chance for Elekton! . . .

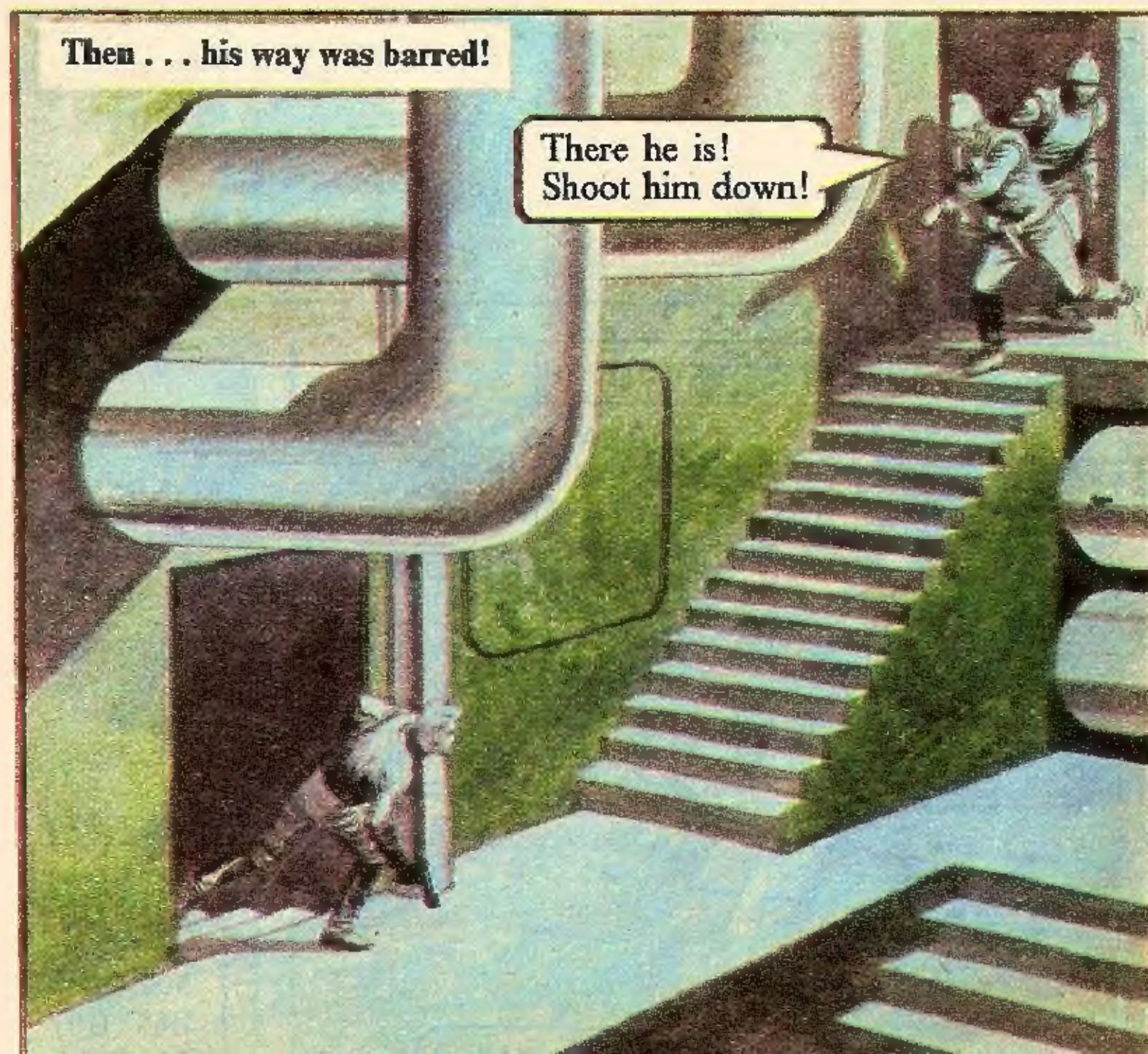


Pistol in hand, he raced up a towering flight of steps . . . firing as he went!



Alarm! Alarm! . . . Slave escaping!

Then . . . his way was barred!



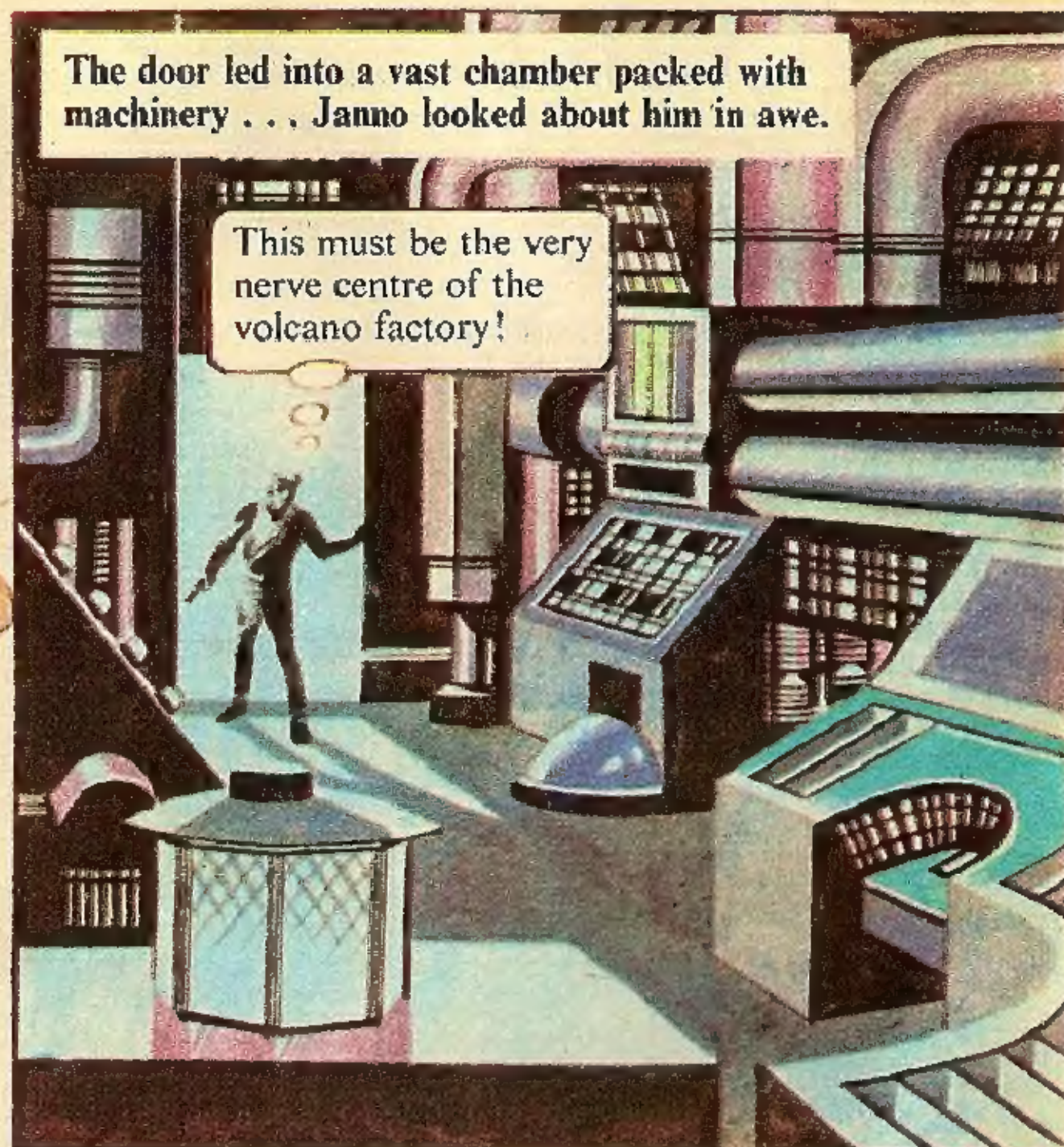
There he is! Shoot him down!

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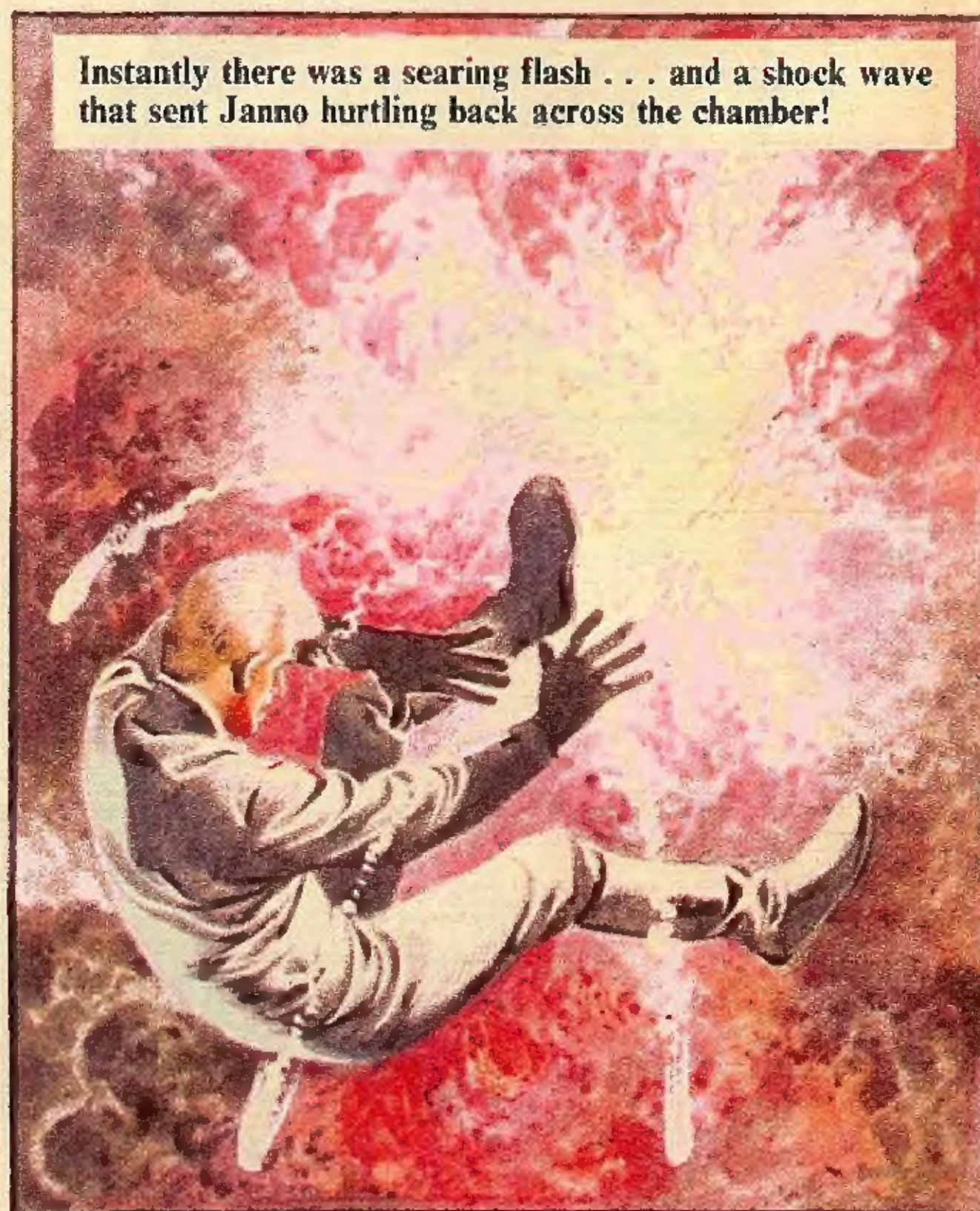
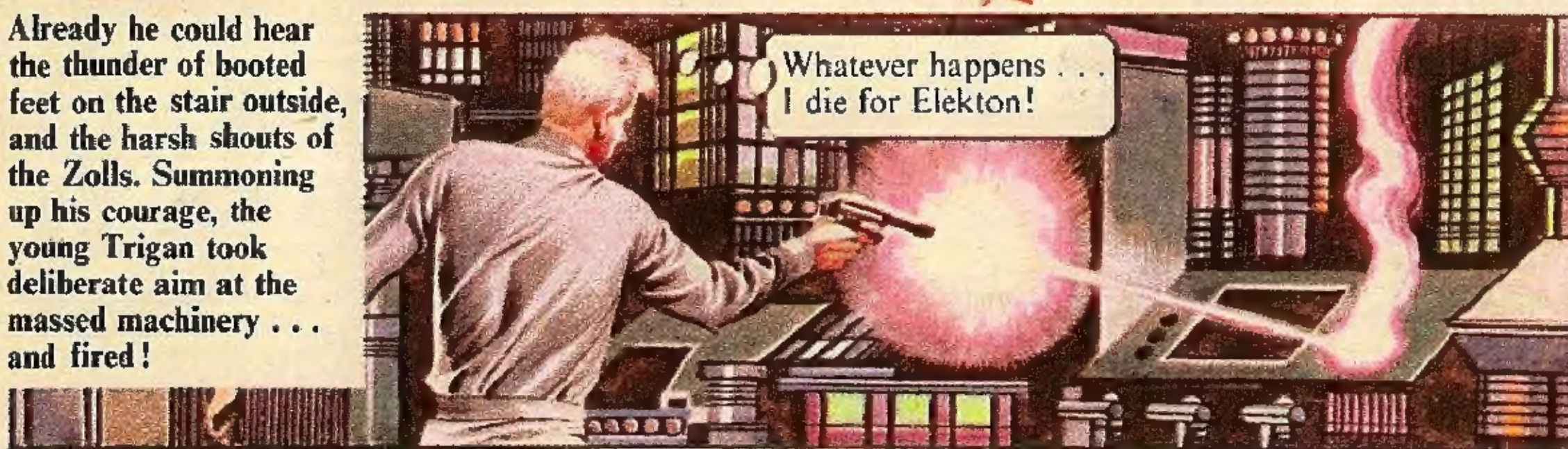
In the centre of the planet Elekton, the brutish Zolls have constructed a volcano factory with which they plan to destroy all life on the surface. Janno of Trigan has been slaving with the Zolls' brain-washed prisoners. He escapes ... but his way is barred by a trio of Zolls ...



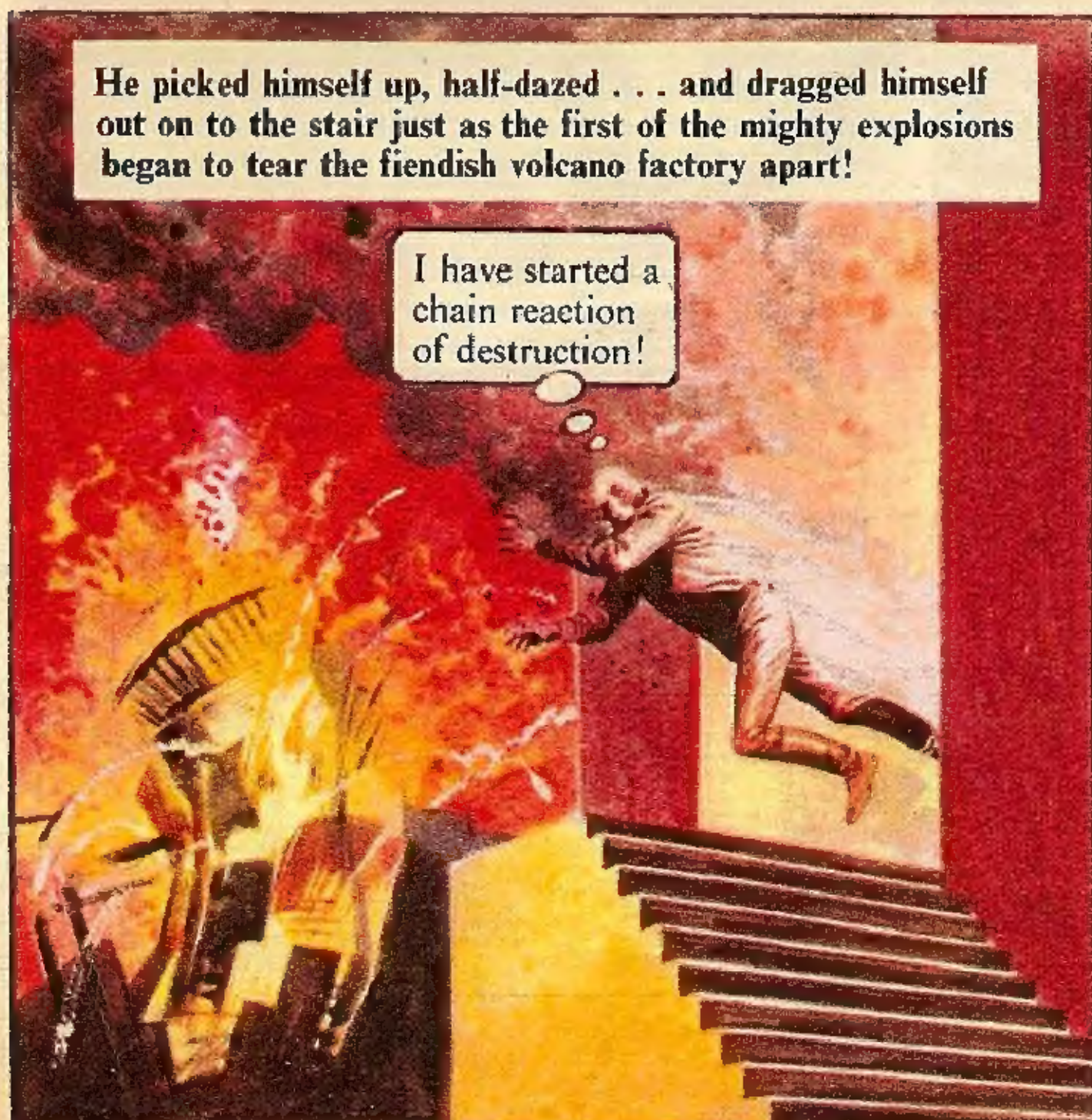
Two more swift shots settled for his other opponents ... he raced on up the steps ...



Already he could hear the thunder of booted feet on the stair outside, and the harsh shouts of the Zolls. Summoning up his courage, the young Trigan took deliberate aim at the massed machinery ... and fired!



He picked himself up, half-dazed ... and dragged himself out on to the stair just as the first of the mighty explosions began to tear the fiendish volcano factory apart!



Reaching the ground, he found the slaves standing like dumb animals amidst the holocaust ... but when he called, they obediently followed him ...



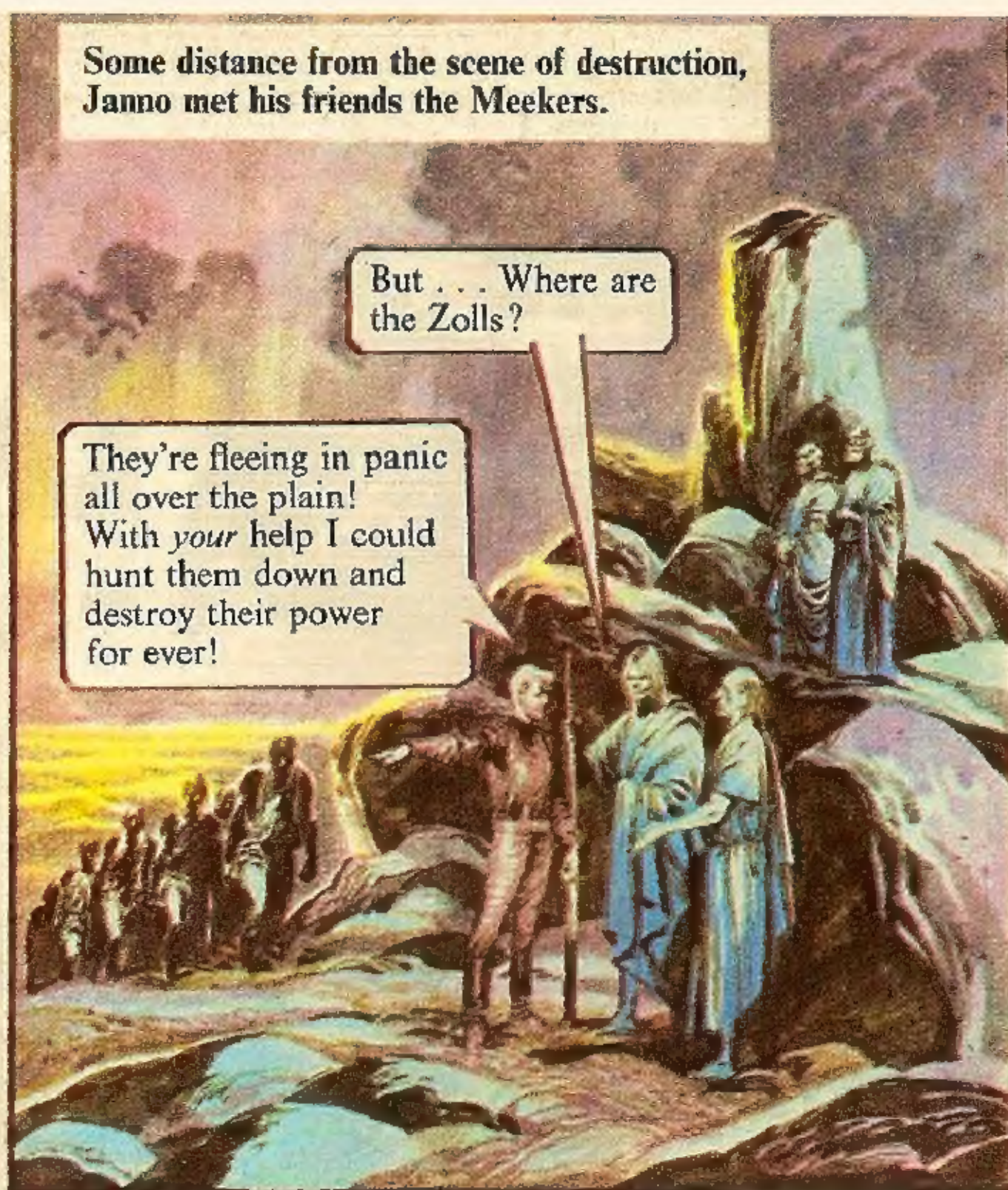
Soon after, the volcano factory vanished in a thunderclap of sound and fury!



Some distance from the scene of destruction, Janno met his friends the Meekers.

But . . . Where are the Zolls?

They're fleeing in panic all over the plain! With your help I could hunt them down and destroy their power for ever!



You mean . . . Fight? . . . Us?

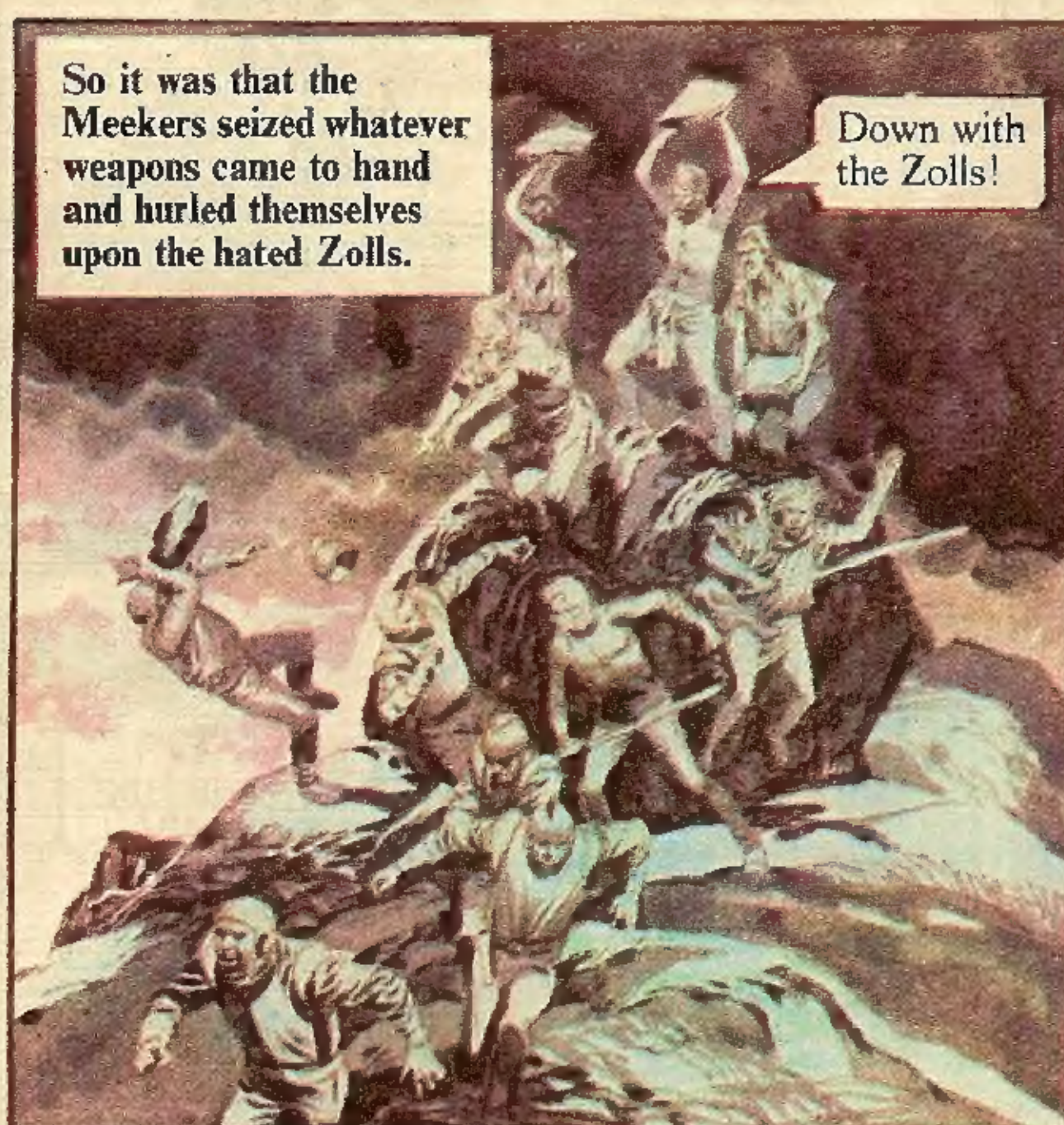
We are peace-loving people!

It's the last chance you'll have! . . . Strike now! . . . Or remain their slaves for ever!

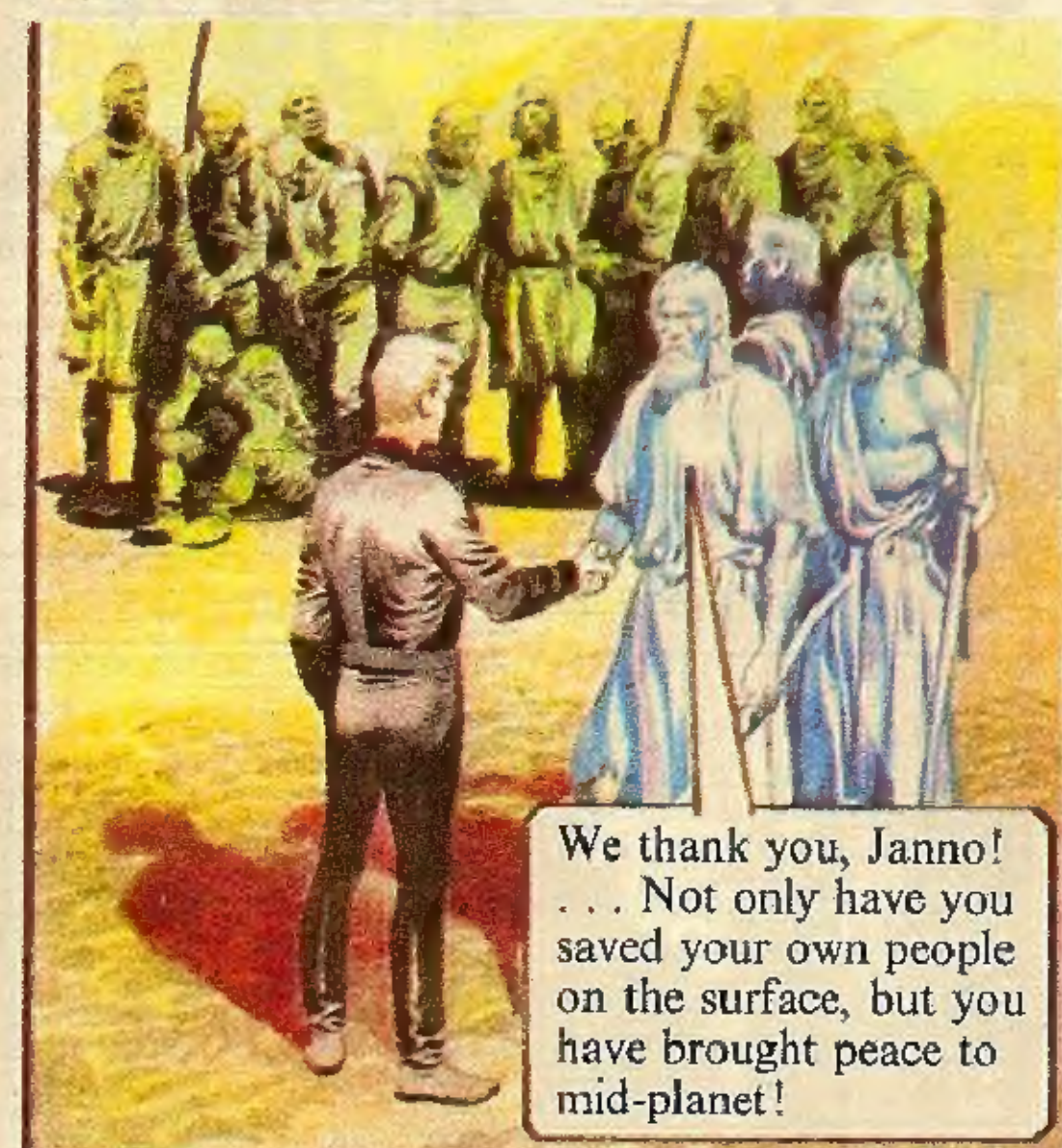


So it was that the Meekers seized whatever weapons came to hand and hurled themselves upon the hated Zolls.

Down with the Zolls!



Soon it was all over. The brutes who had ruled the heart of Elekton were smashed, and their evil plans brought to nothing.



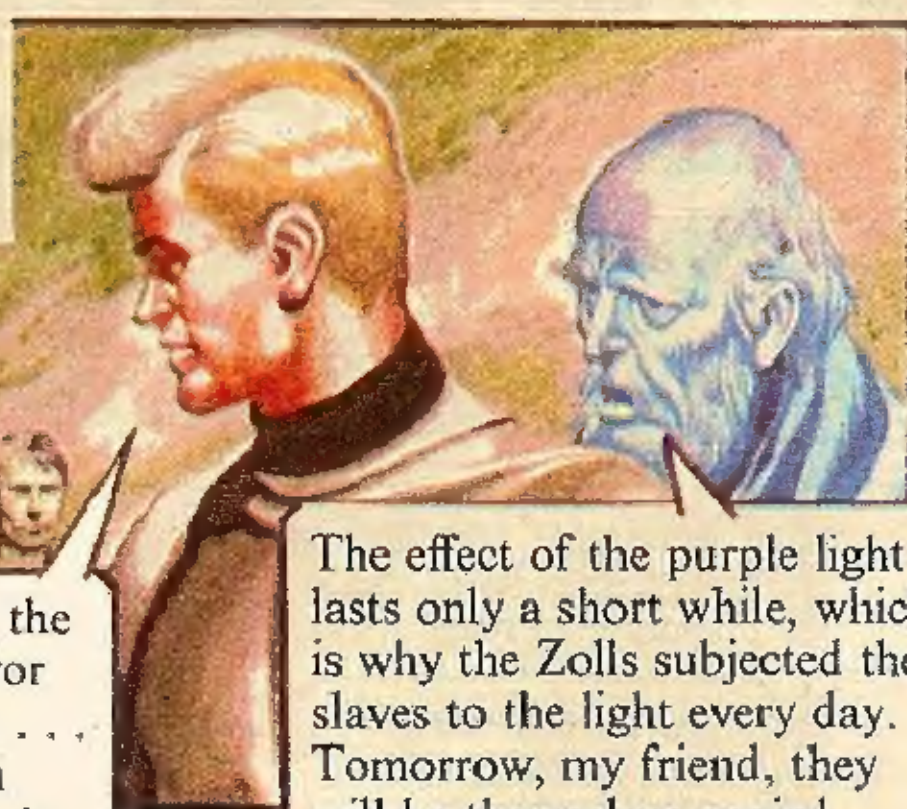
We thank you, Janno! . . . Not only have you saved your own people on the surface, but you have brought peace to mid-planet!

One thing worried the young Trigan . . . but that fear was soon removed . . .

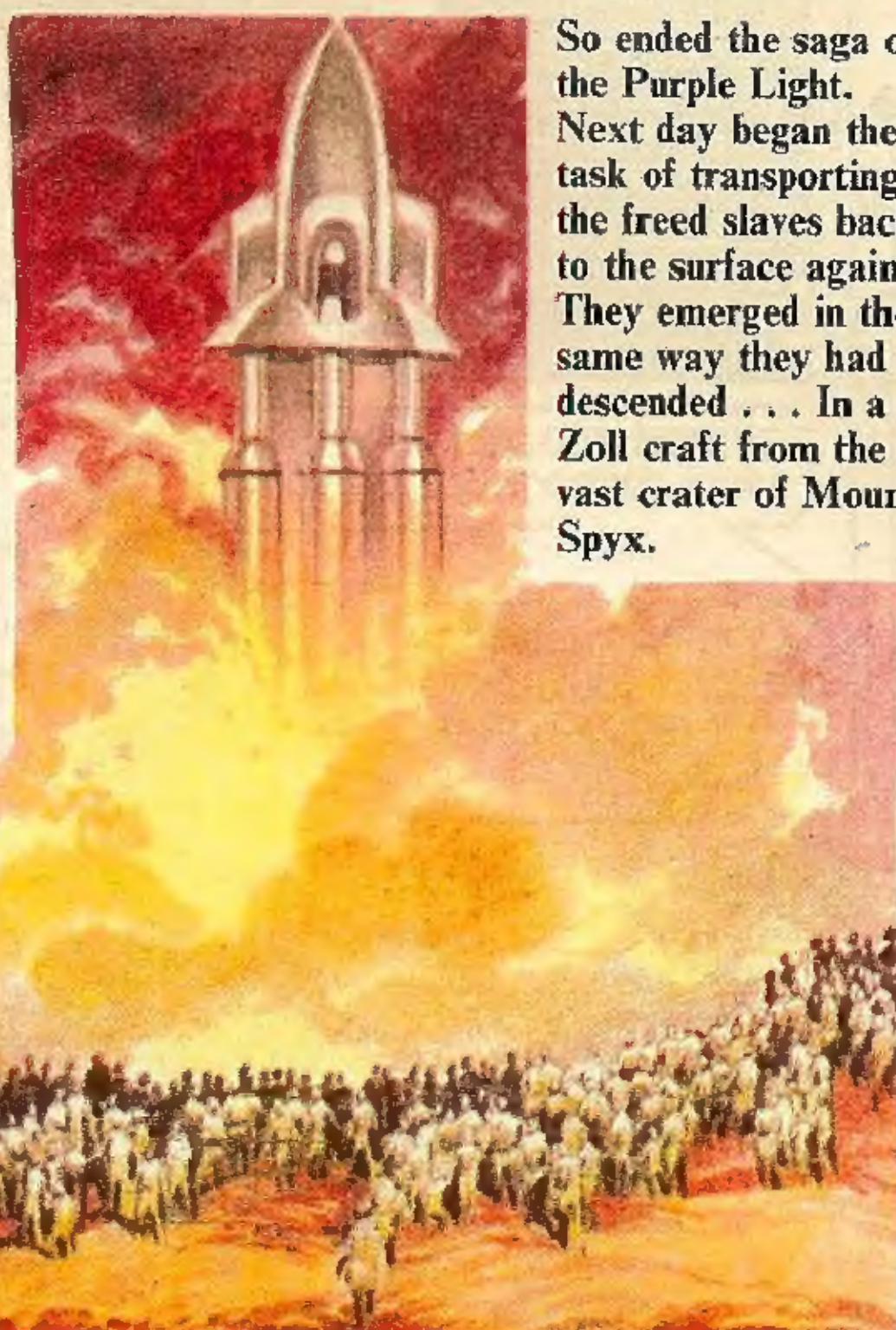


But these people . . . the slaves . . . the Emperor Trigo amongst them. . . Their wills have been destroyed by the purple light!

The effect of the purple light lasts only a short while, which is why the Zolls subjected the slaves to the light every day. Tomorrow, my friend, they will be themselves again!



So ended the saga of the Purple Light. Next day began the task of transporting the freed slaves back to the surface again. They emerged in the same way they had descended . . . In a Zoll craft from the vast crater of Mount Spyx.



Later, with his Empress by his side, Trigo stood on the lip of the crater and raised his arms aloft . . .

In honour of the young Trigan warrior who saved us all, I declare that this shall no longer be called Mount Spyx. . . . From now to the end of time it will be . . . *Mount Janno!*

